



Mathew Stevenson

*The printers proffit, not my pride  
hath this Idea finify'd ;  
For he pusht out the merrie pay  
and M<sup>r</sup> Gavwood made it gay.*



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<sup>00.</sup> 1-0  
Occasions Off-spring. <sup>2</sup>1.

O R

# POEMS

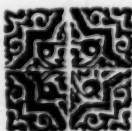
U P O N

Severall O C C A S I O N S

By Mathew Stevenson.

Mart. *Dic mihi quid melius desidiosus aga*

Samuel



J Fleming

L O N D O N,

Printed for Henry Twysford in the middle  
Temple 1 6 5 4.

15466.66.25\*



To my best Friend and  
courteous Cosen Mr. Ben-  
jamin Cook all good wishes.

SIR,

**O**ur candid Interpretati-  
ons of these conceits se-  
verally, hath animated  
mee to a gleaning them up toge-  
ther; and betrai'd you to a Dedi-  
cation, they say, *Quæ profunt sin-  
gula, multa juvant*. Nor is it un-  
usuall, for men of my condition,  
in this nature, to repend the good  
nature of their munificent friends

A 2

How

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

However, did my starres promise mee any other requite, This trifling barke (ballanced with scarce any thing but sand and stones) should to the fortune of the doubtfull waves without a Palinure: in hope, either the shores would protect the shallow, or the deep drown it, out of sight, and time, out of minde. I confesse I can look upon it, no otherwise then a degree of impudence, to obtrude that upon your patronage which I my selfe have scarce confidence to owne: Nevertheless, deigne it your accept, since, though you finde in it (probably) nothing good, you may yet assure

your

5.  
*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

your self of the good will, and  
good intents of him, that resolves  
to leave nothing unattempted,  
might any wayes render him

Sir,

*Your most gratefull servant,*

M. STEVENSON.

---

A 3

Reader,

---



# R E A D E R.

**I** Hice hire drawn up, a Poetick party of Pegasean pulfries in the new Artillary ground of this book, which as they now stand in close order, under the colours, and command of the Book-binder: seems no lesse unanimous, then uniforme; but upon a little examination, you shall finde them Pro and con, round and royall, and like the Cadmean Upstarts sheathing their weapons in each others entrails. Many of them I must tell you are Amazonian Archers fighting under the banner of their winged Generall; Others under the carelesse flaggs of fancy for the merry halfe Crownes: *Æqua Venus Teucris, Pallas iniqua fuit.* Others are at their guard, and wall in themselves with the stones of their obdurate hearts, of whom the Poet says. *Et dicam silices pectus habere.* If you chance (as I can not hope but you will)

Either

either in mine or the Printers oversight,  
 meet some lame Souldiers, I hope they shall  
 likewise meet your charity. For the times,  
 being like themselves humoursome, they  
 seeme to promise me some approve; provi-  
 ded the Proverb hold true, Like to like.  
 But what need I feare to ment that brain  
 sick stage, where even lyes and Libells, un-  
 der the new fangled notion of news, passe  
 as currant as our coine, for my part,  
 I am not so in love with my owne sca-  
 thers, as to think them worthy a terse care,  
 or an ingenious eye: Nor doe I yet so ab-  
 dicate my owne ability, but that I judge  
 my paines, as much above your contempt,  
 as beneath your envy.

---

To

To the Author my very  
loving Cos. Mr. M. Stevenson.

**C**OS. I confesse, and thou knowst I am one  
That never yet had tast of Helicon.  
Yet those loose ares that I did lately glean  
From the full Harvest of thy fruitfull pen,  
I here retorne thee; knowing the so kinde  
Thou wilt my love: and not my language  
minde.

Trust mee Cos. this course paper I designe  
Not as a grace, but soyle to set off thine.  
For I am certaine theres no eare so terse  
But will be ravisht With thy smoother verse.  
But hold; I must thy just applause refraine  
For that, Part of my bloud runn's in thy  
veyne.

Yet they will pardon this poore God a mercie,  
That note how many Poems point at

R. C.

---

To



To the inimitable Poet, My  
honour'd friend,

## The AUTHOR.

**B**ut must I pen thy prayse my noble friend  
That were a task would never have an  
end.

I do have thy golden Poems writ in Gold:  
Thy names great title in fames list enroll:  
Virgill no more shall Prince of Poets be  
But thou; Hee's but a petty Prince to thee.  
Ile to the grove where freshest Laureats grow  
And plat a wreath my self to crown thy brow.

H. A.

To my Ingenious friend, the  
AUTHOR,

**A**nd must I adde my mite Deare Steven-  
son,

I know thou wilt accept it, well? tis done.  
Faith I can't tell while I thy lines read ore  
Whether I love thee! Or admire the more.

Thy

*Thy books not fraught with tales of Robin  
hood,*

*But lofty fancy, By the Lord tis good:*

*Thy sweet-lipp'd Muse most ample rest doth  
give,*

*Of high events, and I say let her Live.*

N. B.

---

To my most esteemed friend,

The *AUTHOR*.

**T***ell me no more of Withers wilde abuses  
Thy book a thousand times more wit produ-  
ces.*

*Withers shall wither, whilst thy bayes are seen  
Like Daphnes Chapplet of immertall green:*

F. B.

---

To his very good friend

The *AUTHOR*.

**I** *Have perus'd thy book in which I finde  
The perfect portrait of thy noble minde.*

*I must confesse I once was one of those  
 Did both suspectt thy poesie, and prose.  
 But having read thee too, as well as it  
 I am thy Wittnesse, t'was thine owne pure witt.  
 And therefore shall even for thy sake alone  
 Conclud, Minerva weares a colour'd gowne.*

R. D.

*! In Honorem Authoris.*

**N**ot that I think that thy Aonian wine  
 Ha's any need of this poore bush of mine.  
 But that in some small measure yet I might  
 Exprsse the love I owe thee, I must writ  
 And prayse thy fluent fancy that atteines  
 To that with ease, which others can't with pains  
 Many of these thy Poems did I see  
 Drop from thy ready pen Ex tempore.  
 And fitly cal'd Occasions of spring wa'st  
 For the *To vu* of time flew not more fast:  
 Did the conceit come even twixt Cup and Lip.  
 It was thine owne occasion could not slip  
 Whence I me convinc'd that poetri's a spirit,  
 Which except heaven infuse none can inherit.

Thine yea thine

T: H.

For the 2d. of these days we were told:  
that the current was very strong and high.  
It was then some distance from the ship.  
The current was very strong and high.  
which might have been very dangerous.

Time goes things

Bu  
Ca  
Do  
Bu  
Til  
Me  
Ha  
Pre



# Occasions Off-spring.

O R,

# POEMS,

Upon severall Occasions.

*To Her that loves me.*



Way with fond Hyperbolies,  
 Subliming dust to Deities.  
 I purpose but to say y're faire,  
 As Envie must confesse you are:  
 If you were not; you should not h're  
 My praise, should knees couch your  
 (desire.

But you are so, which to deny  
 Can be no less then Heresie.  
 Doubtless the Queen of beauty was,  
 But like your self some peerless Lasse:  
 Till by her Cyprian Zelots she  
 Mounted the stile of deitie.  
 Had you liv'd then, I really do  
 Presume y'had been a Goddess too.

B

For

Not in your features men may see  
 The God of Loves artillery  
 Your curling Tresse, is all the bow  
 The wanton wars with, here below.  
 His fire-locks too, the world espy,  
 Presented in your sparkling eye:  
 Your fame's his Trumpet, and men seek  
 His Banner in your bashfull cheek.  
 Your pearly rows at every smile,  
 Like *Cadmus* Troops stand ranck and file.  
 If then so fair a front appear,  
 Doubt not, there's somewhat in the rear:  
 But tis not fit we further look,  
 Since Nature's pleas'd to shut the book:  
 Howere I hope I sha'nt displease her,  
 To guess what I see not hid treasure.  
*Nil non laudabile vidi.*

---

To my Coy Charola.

I.

You cannot love; for shame  
 Come blush your self into a penitent flame:  
 Does the choice flowre resist  
 Because the fairest? no, enjoy't that list:  
 Or the eye-taking fruit,  
 Plead not yet ripe? away, there needs no  
 Why women are as truly ours, (suit,  
 To be enjoy'd as fruit, or flowres.  
 But tis our fault  
 That we exalt  
 Them so, that they rebell against our powres  
 Come

## 2.

Come, come, yet I affect yee, (yee  
 If you can't love again; Let me direct  
 'Tmay be 'cause you are fair,  
 And levigable as the downy aire;  
 You stand upon't, you will not yeeld,  
 But Phoenix-like your self will build.  
 Do so, and then  
 Repent agen; (fair field.  
 When Autumne hath possess'd your own

## 3.

BUT oh behold I woo  
 VVho should command, I beg and  
 My *Charola* admires, (glad on't too.  
 Since she is Ice, I so complain of fires.  
 Had she a flaming Darr, (cold heart.  
 She would improv't to warm her own  
 Ah me, does not Dame nature flint  
 Her flame-begetting sparks to flint?  
 Pray do but feel  
 The stone-cold steel;  
 And if you can say there's no fire within't,

## 4.

BUT ah my vaine complaint!  
 My Obsequies attend a scornfull Saint.  
 Water by dropping oft  
 Is wont to make the hardest maible soft:  
 But my moist eyes procure,  
 No gentlenes, but rather make obdure.  
 But I have done my do, for I  
 Find all things meete in misery.

And to survive  
 In vain I strive;  
 Since I have seen an Angel, I must dye.

## 5.

How dye? why so, did not  
 The Queen of Beauty on *Adonis* dote?  
 And *Paris* confident eyes,  
 Survey the features of three Deities?  
 Ah but far more divine,  
 Is my fair Saint then *Paris* triviall Trine:  
 Whom while I court, my hopes but reare  
 A fancy'd Castle in the Aire.  
 Not unlike those  
 That do suppose  
 Their wish effected in a falling Star.

*Credo equidem nec vana fides genus esse  
 deorum.*

*Love-sick Lucilla to her unkinde  
 Shepherd.*

AND must I dye? and must I dye for love?  
 For love, that makes me like the Gods above?  
 If I must dye, what need these flames? belike  
 You'll execute me as an Heretique  
 But *Momus* teach me a new A. B. C.  
 If firm, and faithfull love be heresie?  
 If death must be the doom of love; pray what  
 Shall be the sentence of novercall hate?  
 If zealous love merit a mortall curse,  
 Sure hate, a cold devotion merits worse.

Yet



Yet how unjust is this? stories relate  
 Many that dy'd for love, but none for hate,  
 Is there no Herb that may my greifs remove,  
 No Antidote 'gainst this hot poyson Love?  
 Pity yee Gods, pity my youth, and beauty,  
 See how each Organ buckles to his duty.  
 Cannot my prayers; cannot my tears prevail  
 What, shall my sighs, my sobs, my groans all fail?  
 Where is the Sisters thrift that goes about  
 To cut my Thread ere it be half drawn out?  
 Let me but see the twilight of my age,  
 And then persue the utmost of your rage:  
 Why was *Lucina* present at my birth,  
 Whilst the propitious Gods promis'd me mirth?  
 Why came gl'w *Hymen* with his Tapour light  
 To mock me with the hopes of nuptiall night?  
 And why was *Venus* then ascendent; why  
 Did all the Graces grace me since I dye?  
 But while I thus in vain urge my complaint,  
 I loose my breath, Ah me I faine, I faint.

*Deficiam parvi temporis adde moram.*

### To Abstemia.

I.

I Never was in love,  
 Nor will be for my part,  
 I never felt the Archer move;  
 Alas he has no dart  
 Or else no eyes to hit my heart.

2.

ANd yet doth love I vow,  
 In this my bosome reign;  
 Put I protest 'tis not with you;  
 Pardon me, Sir, I tell you plain,  
 Tis with *Diana's* Maiden train.

3.

ANd though I lend an care  
 When you present your Ditty,  
 Presume not I affect your geare,  
 Or you, that would seem witty;  
 Good faith tis not in love, but pitty.

4.

Hence then poor flatterers,  
 Jam, and will be free:  
 Like those Celestiall Choristers,  
 He hugg my liberty;  
 Tis that, and only that please me.

### Phyllis Funerall.

Come now my Lambs your selves address  
 Unto your dying Shepheardess.  
 Your appetites awhile adjourn,  
 And pay your duty to my Urne.  
 In life my flock I follow'd thee,  
 In death I prethee follow me.  
 Come therefore twenty Lambs in black,  
 In white twice twenty at their back,

Twelve fable Ewes like Widows poore  
 Shall as my mourners go before  
 Six Weathers shall my bearours be  
 Arraid in *Negro's* Liverie,  
 As dark as night, and six againe,  
 As white as wooll support my train:  
 With silver tipps let every horne.  
 Our sad and solemne state adorne,  
 Crescent as *Phæbes*, let each front,  
 VVear a fresh Cypress wreath upon't  
 Let no rude russet here be seen,  
 Nor bloody redd; But flourishing green,  
 Lamb black, and purest white, These three;  
 Summe up my perfect Elegie,  
 The black(my Lambs)dorth signifie  
 My losse of life: your losse of mee.  
 The white does unto you relate  
 My innocence: and Virgin state,  
 The green does to the world proclaime  
 My life in my immortall fame.  
 Now let mee shew yee my intent  
 In my last Will and Testament.

First I this better part of mine  
 To the Elizian shades resigne  
 And whence I had it, I bequeath  
 To the next aire my borrow'd breath  
 Fire shall again have what it lent,  
 And water to her Element,  
 Shall have recourse. All shall returne,  
 My ashes also to my Urne:  
 In the next place I here dispencc  
 Unto my Lambs my innocence.  
 Moreover I assigne to them  
 The grass green Meadow last nights dream  
 Presented mee, My Ramms are they  
 Shall have my *Cornucopia*.

*Item*, I leave my Virgini Zone  
 Unto the Bud as yet unblown.  
 My Purple Veynes resign to you  
 Sweet Violets their azure hue.  
 My blushes to the Rose I give  
 My white shall in the Lilly live;  
 My golden Tresses shall repair  
 The ruines of lost Maiden hair.  
 My Globes of light after this life  
 Shall wait on *Phæbus* and his wife.  
 My lofty my Majestick front  
 I leave to *J'das* sublime Mont.  
 The Cherry, or the Ruby rather  
 The tincture from my lips shall gather.  
 This breast opposing th' other, puts  
 Me so in mind of *Cupids* Buts.  
 I cannot but to him demise  
 The place so fit for exercise.  
 Lastly (such as they wont receive)  
 Mine armes I to embraces leave:  
 And now yee know what my last will is,  
 Farewell my Flock, say farewell *Phillis*.

*Plano singulis ore.*

*A young Gentleman to his Lady, who  
 lookt upon him as too immature.*

M A D A M,

I Love you, should I not do so,  
 I were an Anchorite and my Breast like Snow:  
 Yes

Yes I do love, and humbly here commence  
 Affection ushered in with Reverence.  
 Deigne but your-lilly hand, No bold desire  
 Shall wing up my ambition any higher.  
 Nay if that be too much, let me deserv  
 My rudeness chastiz'd in your scornfull eye.  
 I must confess these early years of mine  
 May look on, but not love Women nor Wine:  
 Not love sayd I? who can but love a face  
 So winning unless of *Deucalions* race?  
 Yet while I love and in my breast enshrine yee  
 It don't to pittie, but contempt incline yee.  
 Nature will lend my lip a cloak, And than  
 I may profess, I want not zeal, though man:  
 My stature small, And *Cupid* cannot find  
 Me yet; Shrubs loose th' advantage of the wind:  
 Yet should I love thus young, I might produce  
 Such presidents would warrant my excuse;  
 And yours too, *Sapho* sum'd up all her joy  
 In the embrace of a *Cicilian* boy  
 The Queen of *Greece* lov'd *Theseus* but a Lad,  
 And *Cytharea* her *Adonis* had.  
 Nay, Love himself that God, is but a Child,  
 Shall I then be for want of years exil'd?  
 Yea I have heard fair Damsels say, In truth  
 Of all that love, give me the smooth-chin'd Youth.  
 True I am young, and thence I dare approve  
 My non-acquaintance with the flights of love.  
 You are that wounded me the first, and all;  
 Blame me not then that come at the first call.

---

To Amabunda.

But dost believe in faith that I  
 Lov'd thee? faith thou believ'st a lye:

B 5

Extinguish

Extinguish therefore thy desire  
 Ere it becomes unruly fire,  
 For thy flames work but the same way  
 With mee as the hot Sun on clay.  
 No thou must take thy heeles, and flee,  
 It thou wouldst have mee follow thee.

— *Fugis insequor.*

---

### To Suavia.

Not love you, whom the world confess  
 The miracle of prettiness?  
 That were an humour to disguise  
 My reason, and betray my Eyes:  
 Noe, noe, without dissimulation  
 Your beauty is too strong temptation  
 Had I not found you the rare thee,  
 Y'had liv'd unlov'd, unmov'd by mee;  
 I cannot court a common face,  
 Enrich'd with only one poor grace,  
 A forehead handsome, smooth, and high  
 A lovely Lip, or Chin, or Eye:  
 But pardon *Suavia* if I Love  
 You, in whom all these graces move  
 Deigne then one gentle smile on mee,  
 Who will your constant *Umbra* be,  
 So long as either I have eyes,  
 Or you have wherewith to surprize.  
 Choose Madam then which you think best,  
 Either hard favour: or soft breast.

*Aut facien mutes, aut ne sis dura nec se est.*

*An Answer to the Song call'd faire  
Archybella to whose eyes.&c.*

*My dearest,*

**A** *Archybella's Eyes.*  
I though nere so faire shall not despise  
But owne thy ioyall sacrifice.

2.

Suppose her cruell, And a while  
Hir frownes like midnight, day exile  
Tis noon again, if you but smile.

3.

Wee like our lodging and protest  
So you provide a faithfull breast  
To vow our self your constant guest.

4.

Nor need you feare since you impart,  
Your wounds so fresh, but we have art  
And Balsam too, to ease your smart.

5.

Let not a thought that death may give  
Molest thee, doubt not thou to live,  
If smiles or teares may but reprive.

6.

Dread not my deare so dire a doome  
Forbid it heaven the bower should come,  
That thou shouldst suffer Martyrdome.

*The Answer to Well-well tis true, &c.*

I.

**W**ell, well tis true, That I have lov'd a fool  
and it is you :

But since I plainly see  
Whilst I in pitty lend a smile,  
You make me conscious all the while

Of your Idolatry.  
I'll henceforth squib your Wildfire flames and  
The adoration of an Als (scorne  
So foolishly forlorne.

2.

Come, come be wise and dally not with Ladies  
(charmfull eyes,

The Magazine from whence  
Love armes himself, the Stars I say  
Are bright and pow'rfull too, but they  
Have no such influence.

We set us down in *Titans* glittering shine,  
Reciprocating beame, for beam  
Where Stars their heads decline.

3.

Whilst yee like fools to deifie us pump and dreine  
For an Hyperboly: (your Schools  
Presuming that yee highly please  
Our Sex to stile us Goddesses,

Alas we know yee lye  
VVe are but flesh and blood though our bright eyes  
Surprising you infatuate sense  
Yee deem us Deities,

But



**B**ut since that Fate has drawn me to the trouble  
 It's not my labour loose (of thy prate  
 For It's make use of thine own plot  
 To let thee know I love thee not,  
 Well, or ill take it, choose,  
 And therefore It's go get me a new bar,  
 To rid my Chamber of such Apes  
 Such Toyes as Sutors are.

5.  
**G**O love your wine, and all your Muses, nine and  
 (nine times nine  
 So you will not love me  
 For me I love my Dog, my Cat  
 Nay I would love I care not what  
 So it may not be thee  
 Love you your laughing and your quaffing Crew  
 I love my Country and my King  
 But hate such fools as you.

---

*The Virgin Canticle to Gerrard.*

I.  
**A**Vant yee false Intruders that my Chamber haunt  
 Good faith I can't  
 No nor I will not listen to your love  
 No more will I though you would give me all your  
 Unbolt my door (store  
 You do but rocks and senseless marble  
 (move  
 For well, yea too too well I can your perjur'd sto-  
 ry tell  
 There's no faith rests  
 In mens false breasts:  
 Therefore farewell, farewell.

Tis

Tis true, I was so foolish once as to Love you,  
 But now I rue  
 I ever yeilded unto such an ague.  
 But yet, I'de have you know my friend though I did  
 One burning fit (get  
 I had another cold enough to plague you.  
 For I who was all fire, am now congeald into all ice  
 VVhence you may find,  
 Though I was kinde.  
 I can be merry and wise.

The willow thou thinkst torments me but alas poer  
 Ask but my Pillow ( fellow  
 If it can witness ere a sigh I fetcht.  
 Or that on my bed-side as in a dreame I late,  
 Moaning my fate,  
 Or out of melancholly my self streacht,  
 Ile warrant thee my boy thou't find all circum-  
 That maidens too (stances prove  
 As well as you  
 Can with discretion love

And now I do intend to run through Lovers row  
 As well as you  
 And tast the sweetnesse of variety.  
 For I suppose there's some sweet sweet in it or yee  
 VVould never be  
 So much addicted to inconstancie.

Therefore

Therefore Ile set and see the messes usherd in by  
 And tast of this (scores  
 And that fine dish  
 To the hundred and fiftith course.

5.

In vaine thou temptst mee *Paris* what, wouldst thou  
 Forsworn againe be faine  
 Alas I vlew not thy threadbare Oathes.  
 Goe finde some other tame foole for I have no  
 T' embrace the wind (minde  
 No, nor those vowes thou puttst of with thy  
 (cloaths  
 If yet thoudst have me, love thee then I prethee  
 For I protest (nere come to mee,  
 I love thee best  
 When thou art furthest from mee

### The Choice.

**T**Is not thy rubie Lips; nor Rosie Cheeks,  
 In which my heart a full contentment seekes  
 Tis not the treasure of thy golden tresses,  
 That makes me rich, or challenge my Caresles  
 Nor yet thy light dispersing eyes though they,  
 Be the true Phosphors of the breaking day,  
 Should I serve beauties obvious to the eye  
*Pigmaleons* statue then would see the vye,  
 And I might well (if I should cease to range,)  
 Advantage my affection at the change.  
 But I have suited at a nobler rate,  
 Then to court paint; Beauties inanimate,

In

In 'summe there's nothing out-sides can impart,  
 Hath power to make a conquest on my heart.  
 But I love you, whose beauty still I find  
 But *index* to the beauty of your mind.  
 You are the Pearl that highest value win,  
 Being faire without, and cordiall within.

---

*To my Coy and Captious Mistress.*

**I**Lle court my shade no more, but flee  
 From it, and make it follow me:  
 Nor shall the lotty Cedar bough  
 To the base Bramble, tis too low.  
 Ile kneel no more t' ungrateful Thistles,  
 Nor listen to each Bird that whistles:  
 I have forgot you, and to day  
 I did make Ortes of better Hay.  
 I lov'd thee once, but now my scorne  
 Shall triumph over thee forlorne:  
 Ile wrap my front up in disdain,  
 Nor shalt thou it uncloud again,  
 No, though one careless smile would save  
 Thy cast-off carcases from the grave:  
 Thy tears, and prayers and looking wan  
 VVere burto wain an *Indian*.  
 Nay, wert thou fair as thou art not,  
 Thou shouldst not move my breast one jot:  
 Nor would I love thee one half hour,  
 Though both the *Indies* were thy Dower:  
 Though all the Saints should bless thy face,  
 Thou get'st not henceforth one embrace:  
 I hate rhine eyes, and rather would  
 A *Basilisk* should me behold.

---

To Pulcheria.

**B**Ut tell me will not Gold move thee?  
 Art thou more hard than *Danae*?  
 What? will these peerless Pearls, these Gems,  
 These Rubies reacht from Diadems,  
 Advance me no step to thy love?  
 Ile try if triviall royes may move.  
 'T may be this Lilly or that Rose  
 VVin her acceptance more then those.

Yes much at one, alas I should  
 But tempt an *Indian* with my Gold:  
 Her locks are the true golden Fleece,  
*Medea* shew'd her love in *Greece*;  
 And what from Rubies hope I? tush  
 Her lips will make the Ruby bluth:  
 VVhich if a smile should chance to sever,  
 You strait shall see such Pearls as never  
 Nature yet boasted, as if she  
 Had only this one *Treasurie*.  
 And as for Gems, what sparks can flie  
 So bright as those shot from her eye?  
 Lillies alas avail not much,  
 Her body is all over such:  
 And what's a Rose? since her Cheeks bear  
 A *June* of Roses all the year.

---

LOVE. *Blind or not blind.*

I.

**W**Hat makes you think that Love is blind  
 Since he dwels in the eye:  
 I rather

I rather the contrary finde  
 In all my scrutinie.  
 For I in love had never been  
 Had not mine eyes the object seen.

## 2.

And all the world in this agree  
 Love is a flaming fire  
 If then a fire, nay flame it be  
 What need we more desire,  
 To prove that Love may have his sight,  
 From that which renders all things light.

## 3.

Tell mee not that *Obfusca* was  
 Born blind, yet lov'd on trust,  
 Admit the fable; yet alas  
 It was not love, but lust.  
 For shee must have it understood,  
 Though nothing else, hir feeling's good.

## 4.

But you will say where stood his eyes  
 That chose so course a wench.  
 As Bab since men meet such a prize  
 On every common bench:  
 This will be his retort againe,  
 What's one mans meat's an others bane.

## 5.

Here's one a horse face courts whose weight  
 Hee knows will come in Gold.

And

(19)

And so he have the mony straight,  
Let her be crooked, old  
Splay-foot, blind, beetlebrowd, and lame,  
For he ha's that for which he came,

6.

Turne but your eye and you shall see  
Another's finger itch,  
To be embracing such a shee  
Is neither faire nor rich.  
Ask but his reason and tis this  
My minde to me a Kingdom is.

7.

Thus one loves fat an other leane,  
This his meat salt, that fresh  
This a fat Capon, that a Hen  
This man loves fish, that flesh.  
Thus all their humours have, and now  
Heres the good woman kist her Cow.

8.

Who beares the fault now but the boy  
The wanton boy forsooth  
He with old women use to toy,  
And teach them tricks of youth,  
Thus from our selves we still remove  
Our dotage to the god of Love.

9.

Whom falsely fools call progeny  
Of *Vulcan* god of fire,

If it were so then he must be  
*Prodyamus* to his Sire  
 For out of doubt he LOVE did know,  
 Ere he came into Cuckholds row.

## 10.

**T**hen let not hollow'd Love bear blame  
 For humane fantasy:  
 Love is a pure celestiall flame  
 Heaven and Earths Mercury.  
 Diffus'd on Mortals, let us hence  
 Accuse the Organ, not the influence.

## 11.

**C**An any yet be so unwise  
 To think Love blind that can  
 Create an *Argus* hundred eyes,  
 To guard a Curtelan,  
 VVhom if you see you may espye.  
 Enthron'd in every sparkling eye.

## 12.

**P**Ray which of you can shoot so right,  
 As he whom yee call blind;  
 He sticks his Arrows in the white  
 Sure then he eyes must find,  
 Should you a Dart at any throw,  
 Twere but the blind man hit the Crow.

## 13.

**Y**ea are surpriz'd with each fair face  
 VVith every dimpled Chin,  
 This



This comly feature, that sweet grace  
 Are snares to trap yee in:  
 VVhat think yee then, not love, I wils  
 But yee, are *capti oculis*.

---

*A longing Lady to her long-staying  
 Lover.*

**T**VVice twenty times hath *Titan* run his course  
 From th' orientall, to the VVestern source:  
 Since last I saw you can one parting kifs  
 Sustain me such an age of night as this:  
 How I am rackt in thy unkind delay?  
 Come my sweet *Phosphor*, come and bring the day.  
 Sorrow and solitude in this small space  
 Have figur'd age on my Hermetick face.  
 Go happy Paper be my Mercury,  
 And having kist his hand bring it to me.  
 That I may be thy Rivall; tell him I  
 Must see him soon, or in despair I dye.  
 And if he come not; I shall plainly see  
 He's out of town, or out of love with me.

---

*A forsaken Lady to her Apostate.*

**B**ut are those flashes fled? those flames quite gon  
 Into the ashes of oblivion?  
 VVhere are those Vows, those Heaven-attested  
 Seal'd on my lips the pledges of our troaths? (oaths,  
 What all amott, all banisht in a trice,  
 All our embraces a fools Paradise?  
 Then farewell faith, and friend, next time I find  
 My self affective Ile embrace the wind.

*A mock*

*A mock song to*  
*O stay by mee—*

Stay not by me feinds ! but fly mee,  
 For behold I come  
 All in furie, to conjure yee,  
 To avoid the roome, (mee  
 O come not then near mee : your haggy looks skear  
 But down to your cursed cell,  
 for in hell;  
 All such footy sluts dwell.

## 2.

Out yee Devills, worst of evils,  
 What do you make here?  
 Such dam'd witches, and base bitches:  
 I nere saw as yee're. (me  
 O come not then near me your haggy looks skare  
 But down to your cursed cell  
 for in hell  
 All such footy sluts dwell.

## 3.

Pluto's pusses are the fusses  
 That I here behold  
 Drest in tiffanie like Typhone,  
 Snaky lockt and old. (mee  
 O come not then neare mee, your haggy looks skare  
 But down to your cursed cell  
 For in hell,  
 All such footy sluts dwell.

4.

Furies fellowes what is hell loose  
 And yee broke out thus  
 In your night-gears like the night mares  
 To meet *Incubus*. (me  
 O come not then near mee, your haggie looks skear  
 But down to your cursed cell  
 for in hell  
 All such sooty sluts dwell.

5.

Out upon yee, Ile none on yee  
 Down yee dan'd beneath  
 Your ill favours and worse favours  
 Doe infect my breath, (mee  
 O come not then near mee, your haggie looks skear  
 But down to your cursed cell  
 for in hell,  
 All such sooty sluts dwell.

*The Furies Answer.*

BE content Sir, we are sent Sir  
 Not to trouble you,  
 But to sport with and consort with  
 Our own cuttaill crew. (you  
 Let nothing then skear you, for weel not come near  
 But down to our own black cell,  
 for in hell,  
 VVe confesse wee do dwell.

*Jam jam taffuras, tartara nigra putes.*

A

*A Gentleman to his Mistresse that told  
him he lookt asquint upon her.*

**A** Squint, why not? am I of Eagles race,  
To try mine eyes upon *Apollo's* face:  
Asmit I were, yet while I look on thee,  
Thy brighter beams force an obliquity.  
Eagles should do the same, durst they but try  
Their Birth-right at the radiance of thine eye.  
VVhat is this squinting but my feeble sight,  
Reverberated by thy powerfull light?  
Nay should mine eye right on to thine aspire,  
'Twould burning-Glass-like set mine heart on fire.  
But say I could, since thou thus slightest me,  
VVhat reason have I to look right on thee?  
Come be not you so cross grain'd to despise  
A breast that shews her crosses in her eyes;  
VVhich silently each other thus reprove,  
T<sup>r</sup> have let in cruell and ingratefull love:  
So passing fair, I swear upon a book  
You are, my eyes upon each other look  
As in a maze to see Dame Nature place  
All her perfection in your only face.

As Clouds the Creatures of the Sun, so I  
The nubilous exhalation of your eye  
Approach your presence begging I may be  
The *Umbra* unto your serenity.  
And could I but my self in the office put,  
As *Caltha* with your beams I'd e ope, and shut.  
The Flies are buzzing where light Candles are,  
And smoak you knew alwaies pursues the fair.  
Daies d' eaterchange Embraces with the night,  
And darkness kifs the lovely lips of light.

VVhy

Why then, thou fairest, art thou so unkind,  
 To scoffe the mole thy beauty made thus blind?  
 But am I blinde dost say ; Even thence does flow,  
 This solace, that the God of love is so.  
 And squint-eyd, then I may glorie int.  
 The sun it selfe, lights centre looks asquint.

*To Franke.*

What all at once? what nowne selfe Franke?  
 Thy bounty ever beares its banck.  
 , Thad bene a favour yet beyond,  
 My wishes, hadst thou given thy bond,  
 And seal'd it with a faithfull kisse,  
 O here had bene enough of blisse.  
 Or hadst thou given thy hand in part  
 As pledg of thy engaged heart ;  
 I had bene more then well content  
 T'have sed my hopes, on the event.

But I am now as others are,  
 Suspicious of thy proffer'd ware.  
 Thou art too sweet, to tell thee right  
 Thou overcom'st my appetite.  
 Hony's not for all pallats meet,  
 And sugar oft makes things too sweet.  
 Trust mee fond Franck, thou art too free  
 (Free of thy flesh I mean ) for mee.  
 Thou comst too fast, I must step back,  
 And to be short, I feare mee no man,  
 Dares venter to make thee a woman.  
 In markers maides are common, I  
 Can have a score for a bulls eye

You praise your selfe, and I could wish  
 But to see her cryes stinking fish;  
 I know not what to think, thy face  
 Hath such an oile of brasse;  
 And yet thou shouldest be right, for none  
 That I ere knew, lesse feare the stone,  
 On whom be this inscription set;  
 Here is both right, and Counterfeit.

But thou sayst tis no vsuall Course,  
 To looke ith mouth of a guift house.  
 Yet no mans' bounry shall perswade  
 Mee too accept or keepe a jade,  
 Ill favourd &, ill quality'd;  
 Who would on such Conditions ride?  
 Thou hast given thy selfe to mee, dost hear  
 Thou hast a shrewd box on the eare  
 Would thou hadst rather given mee that  
 Was left ith maltheap by the Car.  
 Thou shouldst have said, will you accept,  
 Or else they selfe to thy selfe kept.  
 Theres somewhat more then up and ride,  
 The banes must goe before the bride  
 And aser too, vnlesse shee bee  
 Better then I can hope of thee  
 Thou fly'st away to Church & nether  
 Bringst guest with thee nor yet a father.  
 But for the first (sauing your yeast)  
 You will your selfe be the bold guest.  
 And for a father, what need hee,  
 Since you will your owne giver be.  
 Way this is the new way we take,  
 Each others word & bargaine make.  
 Sure here is like to be good doeing  
 When rampant royles run thus a wooing,  
 Why now or never verifie.

Old mother Shiptons prophesie,  
 Yet thou mayest get a husband still,  
 Provided thou dost but fullfill.  
 The last will of thy grand mother,  
 No more but for; Remember her:

For my part, mee thou couldst not please,  
 Though thou couldst sh—mee ninepences.  
 Nor couldst thou move in mee delight,  
 Shouldst thou afford mee every night  
 A fresh & sportfull maidenhead  
 Their signes should not pollute my bed,  
 And yet I may chance loath my life  
 Come then and thou shalt bee my wife,  
 However for your offer *Frankey*  
 I were to blame should I not thank yee,  
 But let mee perish in thy Curse  
 If ever offer lik't mee worse,  
 Thou gav'st thy selfe to mee ; and  
 Give thee back to thy selfe Godb'ye

*Te mihi donasti, te tibi reddo, vale.*

## An Epithal.

*On. Mr. B. C. his Nuptialls.*

1.

**W**elcome most lovely paire,  
 Through threats of drowning  
 In parents frowning;  
 Now no doubts nor despaire  
 Shall cloud the clearer aire  
 Of nuptiall crowning  
 No counter-plots, no rivalls now suspect,  
 Your wishes are arriv'd at their effect.

4.

No weefull Willow now,  
 Cupid composes,  
 Chaplets of Roses:  
 In which the Bridgroomes brow  
 And his faire Brides also,  
 Hymen encloses,  
 Let Suiters in desires hot embers burne,  
 Your joyfull fyres shall into Bone-fires turne.



3.

On thy cheeks beauteous Bride,  
 More all the graces  
 In pleasant paces  
 Blest hee whom fates betide  
 Th' Elysium of thy side.

This, this, thy las is  
 Sweet Bride-groom, but had Love had eyes to  
 see her:  
 No doubt but hee had been thy rivall here.

4.

Sing *Jo*, sing a-maine  
 Thy tempting treasure,  
 Out bounds all measure;  
 Give thy ripe joyes full reine,  
 And *Jo*. sing againe,  
 Victorious *Cesar*

Beware of surfets though, thy lustie cheare.  
 Ends not to night, the faire lasts all the yeare.

4.

But you think long I doubt,  
 And loves completion,  
 Prepares erection,  
 What though yee taste of nought,  
 All day, but naked thought:  
 Night's the next section:

Then you shall act, what wee but dream, deligha,  
 Weed with yee too (if there were need) good night.

C 3

6 Come

Com *Bacchus* com let's trouble  
 The merrie dishes  
 Brim'd with best wishes.  
 Mee thinks I see the soule,  
 Of mirth in every bowle  
 Presaging blisses.  
 Your crop's full ear'd, full ripe, your eye discernes  
 Plentie; what can wee wish yoe more but bearnes

---

*To my lillie white Leda  
 in Commendation of a pale face.*

When red enchas'd in the skies wee finde.  
 VVee strait conclude tis either raine, or winde.  
 VVhen I a Rubrick on thy face espie,  
 Faith I expect to see thee storme, or cry.  
 Let them that dare condemne thy livery brow  
 Tell mee how they could fancy bloud & snow.  
 That monstrous, yea that menstruous product, who  
 Could looke vpon't and not his teares ovr flow?  
 Pray tell mee where the white, & damask rose  
 From the sam stalk both white, & red disclose?  
 Spaniells and Calves are red and white tis true.  
 If you be red and white, pray what are you?  
 VVould you commend her for her comly snout  
 Thats particolourd like a radish root?  
 You'd think I mock you should I say you are  
 Pure red: & white as babies in the faire.

If red be such a grace ; If red so please  
 Haue mee commended to red latices,  
 Yet the red rose is Cordiall. But the white  
 Is ever most commended for the sight.  
 From costard-mongers I haue understood  
 Thus much! The red cheeche apple's seldom good.  
 Red waxe is very common, But the white  
 Is virgins wax, And a good price must buy't,  
 Pray tell mee now, would you be woo'd & prayd;  
 To limbe your self out on a milke white maide?  
 Marry com up; so when you are to write,  
 You may condemne your paper cause tis white:  
 Here, heres an Elizabeth, will you say what aile  
 The shillings cause you see the face is pale?  
 That were a pretty jeast, Alas, alas,  
 If it were cherry checht it would not passe.  
 Even Vitriall admitts a various hue  
 Some is pure white, some greene, some perfect  
 blew,  
 And some is red too, But tis then confest  
 The drosse & *Caput mortuum* of the rest  
 In *Mercurie* as *Chynick* tearmes will ha'r,  
 The white's sublime, The red precipitate,  
 Some Tulips, I remember I haue seene,  
 Halfe red half white, but thy haue common been.  
 Or were they rare should they come near my nose  
 The posie were lesse welcme, then the pose.  
 White Robes at Nuptialls, shew a virgine state,  
 And why not white checks beautyes candidate.  
 What wouldst thou think, if thou shoulds red espie  
 Exchequer'd with the white thats in thine eye?  
 Thoudst say'tis bloud-shot, How then ist a grace  
 That blemishes the best part of thy face?

But why doe I thus eagerly allude  
 To that which all but blind men will conclude?

The silver Moon, the glittering train of night,  
 The Lilly, Swan, and *Venus* Doves are white,  
 But you say Reds a modest tincture, tush,  
 Her conscience can not bid her count'nance blush  
 When shee hath done the thing shee ought not  
 to do:  
 Come to hir the n sheel blush as red as you.

————— *Rubicunda flat, Alba serenat.*

## The Postscript,

*To the precedent Poem.*

**B**Ut stay n y whiteing, though I took thy part,  
 'Twas not to shew thy beaury, but my art.  
 My conscience tell mee Red & white best pleases,  
 White not set off with Red portends diseases:  
 But Poets *pro*, and *con*, salute and slight:  
 Tell yee the Dove is black, And the Crow white,  
 I could have writ as much, and given a grace  
 As ample, to the Calfe with the white face.  
 Thus have I made thee faire and fowle; so truely  
 Starch be it nere so white, comes of but blawly.

*P. atque P.*

To

To Mr. R. D.

S I R,

Y Our safe returne unto mine cares being come  
I could no less then bid you welcome home.  
At present I have nothing worth your view,  
Only my white fac'd *Leda*, but shee's new  
And fresh attir'd, If I have dress'd her right:  
Say but the word, And I have hit the White:

*Militat omnis amans, & habet sua Castra  
Cupido.*

L O V E hath his tents & lovers souldiers are  
Prest out to serve in an intestine VVarr,  
*Cupid* become a Leader now I finde,  
The proverb, verifed, The blind leads the blinde.

*Caco carpitur Igne*

# To my honoured friend.

*A Gentleman that in a fittick would needs  
barb mee.*

I.

But **B E N** Jonson

Let me know when

Thou wilt returne agens

Oh thy departure drew a teare,

Not from the watric surface of the sphearee

No, no it drew it, whist, stay there

Least while such newes I send,

I much offend,

My friend,

2.

Indeed

Since twas decreed

Thou shouldst depart with speed

I could not choose, but heavily look

To loose at once my barber, and my **Cook** :

I will be sworn upon a booke

I oft thee wanted have

My chin to thave,

Poore knave.

And

And clip  
 My upper lippe  
 And make the haire to skip  
 For having mended my bad face  
 Thou good Lawn Bands about my neck didst place  
 And cutt my hands, but now alas  
 I shall, I am in mind  
 No Barber finde  
 So kinde.

---

## To William Kemp.

Saturday last faith *Will*, you sent mee Sack  
 By *Bacchus* scarce was worth the sending back  
 Be now a trusty soule, and, send me White.  
 Or Renish, which you will but let't be right  
 Feel out some cell where *Plæbus* cannot come  
 I know *Will* will send good if *V Vill* b'at home

---

*A Gentleman surprized with the sight of a  
 Lady unknowne to him, betroathed  
 to another.*

U Nhappy happinesse, peircing pleasing fate  
 By too good fortune made infortunate,  
 My blest, and-blasted eyes made mee at once  
 My self an Emperour, and a slave pronounce.

What

What strange affections on my spirit ceaze?  
 Whereof the cure is worse then disease.  
 VVhat heavenly fire is this, torments & joyes mee  
 VVhich if I blow consumes; if quench destroyes mee?  
 Take here O take this love-blaine heart of mine  
 This victim fallne on your victorious shrine,  
 Only let love since to your pile I come  
 Honour my sacrifice with martyrdom.  
 And tis enough, Since I cant overcome yee.  
 He kille the stroakes my fates allot mee from yee  
 Yet on my urne should your one glance contrive  
 My ashes with the Phoenix might revive,  
 If not a smile, O yet let pitty lend mee  
 A sigh, that may to the next world commend mee  
 Where my then happier eyes may have the grace  
 Freely to feast on your Seraphick face.

---

*To my Cozen Coy.*

I:

**T**his not for vertues sake that you,  
 Are wont to keepe so much ador,  
 For wee know by experience,  
 And you by your owne conscience,  
 That wanches will for all their sturres,  
 Cling in a corner close as burres.

2.

Those things most take men's palates ever,  
 They purchaſe with most hard endeavor.

And



And thats the reason that yee maids,  
 Hold up the rate of maiden-heads.  
 VWhich if you were not coy and nice  
 Alack a day! would beare no price.

## 3

Pray doe not yee your faces skreen;  
 To be with double luster seen.  
 VWhat is it but to tempt beholders,  
 Yee show your naked neck, and, shoulders.  
 VWhy doe you else patch white with black?  
 But that yee more oth same stuffe lacke?

## 4

Cold-rounded fires, themselves contract,  
 And are most violent in act.  
 And I conetive fair maids desires,  
 Are but such snow-environ'd fires.  
 And when I see snow on their skin  
 I judge them then all fyre within.

## 5

Tell mee who will do so mickle  
 As shee that hants a conventickle.  
 Shee is one of *Adams* race,  
 That observes no tyme nor place.  
 Though in the midst of lent it chance,  
 Shee'l take it, if the flesh advance.

And

6.

And you your self *Abstemia*  
Will sport and play as well as they,  
I know you loyter but to be  
Embrac'd by opportunity  
And in things forbid delight  
To show your selfe *Eves* Daughter right.

7.

Tell mee no more of Apes in hell  
Though th' excuse become yee well;  
Come prettie soule tis to no boot  
You cannot live unlesse yeu doe't:  
For the thing that we talk of pleased  
Nay more then that prevents diseases.

8.

Were't not more wisdom to be dumb,  
Then word it to be overcome?  
Do'nt wee in common queans espie  
These your weapons, nay pish, nay fye,  
That ere halfe the fight be done  
V Vish that they may be over run.

9.

Come come Gidle if thou dost burne  
See thou bauk'st not a good turne,

Those

Those bonny lasses wiser are  
 That know when they are offer'd faire  
 Yet if shame bid thee forsake it  
 Prethee play the maid, say nay and take it.

### To my pale Pippin

*Pallor in ore sedet* —

**H**Er cheeks are like her blind checks pale  
 And wan, Her lipps are lick her taile,  
 Her piteous looks may happily move  
 Compassion in mee; never love.  
 Shall I bow down; or kneel to that  
 That seems to mee inanimate?  
 So while I to my suire addict her,  
 I pray with Papists to a Picture,  
 Doe yee not see how meager death,  
 Seems through hir Organs to steal breath  
 And *Succubus* ha's from the dust  
 Rear'd her to satiate his lust  
 Tell mee pale *Phebe* dont you climb  
 Old walls to banquet on the lime?  
 I know you love such festivalls  
 Your white-washt cheeks resemble walls.  
 Say mother pitous, doe you not  
 For Oatmeal? rob the Porridge pot  
 Run you not into privat holes  
 To break your fast with salt and Coales  
 I might a thousand knacks repeat,  
 VWhat could I name but you would eat  
 In shame whereof your blood refraines  
 Your checks, And lurks within your veines,

*Uat:*

Vntill it bee subpæna'd thence,  
 By your flagitious conscience,  
 Nor are you lillie like, but fallow  
 And sapie-coutenanc'd like tallow.  
 For when your dropping nose you handle,  
 You seeme to mee to snuffe a candle.  
 And they that keepe you reape disgrace,  
 Whilst men read famine on your face.  
 Natures, besiegd, And all your pores  
 Obstructed block up her recourse  
 Whilst in dispaire of life you burne,  
 For a good husband, or goode turne..  
 There must bee vent, Tis to noe boot  
 To talke, you must or dye, or doet.  
 And should, wee but a while delay you,  
 You'd cry harkē harkē for life wee pray you..  
 You can no such improvement feel  
 In *allume possets* or crude Steele.  
 You know your selfe theres nothing can,  
 Be so aperitive as man.  
 Who in the sweetest sence is said,  
 To cure you of your maiden head.  
 Which should you but a while retaine,  
 A pessarie would come in vaine.  
 What neede men care then for such wives,  
 As Marry but to save their lives?  
 He must as much (that weddeth thee)  
 Thy doctor; As thy husband be.  
 Noe, Ile to *Bacchus* where being come,  
 The first attendant strewes a rome.  
 The next presents a glancing lasse,  
 Like *Venus* in a venice glasse.  
 With that I knock, & as some spirits  
 I conjur up pure red and white.  
 My circles a round table. And  
 In midst thereof does Hymen stand

With a light rapour . when I call,  
 To celebrate my nuptiall.  
 Here doe I a french madam place  
 And there a sweet-lipt spanish lasse  
 Here all in white a lady dances.  
 And there in red an other glances.  
 And least mine eyes want fresh delight,  
 Here sets Claretta red & whit.  
 Nor doe I complement I crow,  
 But tell them plaine'tis so and so,  
 Thy struggle not nor are they coy  
 But I may what I will enjoy.  
 No there's no coyle made for a kisse,  
 Though melting melting, melting blisse,  
 No shifting from the freindly cup  
 But I may freely all take up.  
 And in each face if I so please,  
 Ile court myne owne effigies.

VWho would not then on this stage act Narcissus,  
 VWhere lively lipps so sweetly say come kisse us?

Mrs. E. G.

*To hir false and faithlesse servant.*

**B**Vt whence false wretch are these delays,  
 Didst thou not sweare,  
 By all that's deare.  
 Should lyons block up thy assayes,  
 Thy Pinnacle scorn'd such remoraes,

much

2.

Most faithlesse of thy sex farewell:  
 Art not thou hee  
 That vow'd to mee  
 No fates decree nor *Circian* Spell,  
 Should keep thee from my Cittadell?

3.

Yet flatterer thou art flieg'd, and flown  
 From the warm nest  
 Of my soft breast,  
 And like that night thou left's mee gone  
 Ah! who would such a traytor owne?

4.

They that dare most, I see dare least  
*Peter* pretends  
 More then his friends,  
 But being brought unto the test,  
 Hee turnes more cravant then the rest.

5.

A feeble hermit raz'd the fort  
 Off secresie  
 Twixt thee and mee,  
 O shame, Cowards I see resort  
 To *Loe's*, though not to *Mars* his Court.

Thinkst

## 6.

Thinkst thou the gods that reside  
 From Heaven above  
 Thy vows of love,  
 Will quit thee of thy perjury?  
 That were, to make themselves like thee.

## 7.

Well I conclude then nothing else  
 But love is dead  
 And faith is fled,  
 Unto the breasts of infidells  
 And there, it any where it dwells.

## 8.

False and faint heart adieu, nere sue  
 Nor wooc no more,  
 As here to fore,  
 For here is all Ile answer you,  
 False and faint heart adieu adieu.

— *Piget infido consuluisse viro.*

*His Answer.*

**A**ND why so sharp? in truth ( my dear ) I must,  
 Accuse your furie of unkind distrust,  
 You should observe the end, and only glance,  
 Not dwell on the emergent circumstance.  
 Shall I plounge through th' abisse of danger, when  
 I may avoyd it; And goe right agen.  
 VVhat you mis-construe as some light abuse,  
 Reason will read a requisite excuse.  
 VVhat should wee but invite the publicke scorn  
 To boast our harvestere wee reap our corne.  
 The wealthy'st wights petend the weakeſt ſtore,  
 And what they hugge, conceale, I doe no more.  
 For knowledge will but make us table-talk,  
 VVhilst love delights in shadyest pathes to-walk.  
 Forbeare a while my love and then expect  
 Your patience crown'd with bleſt, with wiſht effect.  
 Theſe that doe otherwiſe, the world but calls,  
 Them Poſthumous to there owne nuptialls,  
 Noe, noe, my heart's but one, though for a ſpace,  
 I ſeeme to putt on Ianus double face,  
 In which ſtrange dreſſe I yet, would hope I ſhow  
 I love thee more then all the world ſhall know.



*To the faire Mrs E. R.*

MADAM.

**Y**'are lovely faire, and but I know,  
 You are not proud, I would not tell you so.  
 For my part I commend your sweet complexion.  
 Nither for hope of favour, nor affection.  
 Only since I have litle else to doe,  
 I prayse the most prayse worthy, And tis you:  
 Here's no hard words but in plaine english thus,  
 Y'care handsome, yonge, rich, vertuous.  
 VVhat can be wisht for more? where nature places  
 A heaven of beauty in a heaven of graces.  
 But if you be as free as you are faire  
 All's nothing, and you are not what you are.

*Da dextram misera & tecum me tolle per  
 undas.*

Phyllis, Charon.

Ph. **A** Boat, a Boat Charon, come set me over.  
 Ch. VVho calls hells fatal ferriman?  
 Ph. A Lover.  
 Ch. And thou shalt stay the longer for't I vow,  
 Ph. Youle not be so unmercifull row.  
 Ch. Left handed luck light on yee every houre  
 Ime troubl'd to transport such brands as you  
 are.

Ph. Nay

*Pb.* Ney good sweet *Charon*, com?

*Ch.* Yes sweeton still,

VWhen I have nothing else to do, I will,

*Pb.* VWhat? (saile)

*Ch.* Grease my Boat, and patch my shattered  
And set me down and rest mee;

*Pb.* *Iove* what ayle? (stath)

This froward patch? come prethee to the

I am a stranger, come put off thy wrath,

*Ch.* Hence Cupids brands,

*Pb.* Not so,

*Ch.* Ile come no nigher:

*Pb.* VWhy?

*Ca.* For youl set my pitchy Boat on fire,

I fry already with transporting flames

Such as have almost drank up al my streams

*Pb.* Canst thou feare that and see these fresh  
supplies,

So streaming from the Conduits of mine  
Eyes?

*Ch.* VWell well,

*Pb.* Nay more if *Charon* shall think good

These Armes as Oares shall wave the flagi-  
an flood,

This wast thy Mast: And this dishevell'd  
haire,

Ile into Cables twist;

*Ch.* VWell you speak faire.

*Pb.* Come then;

*Ch.* I am at hand, but ere thy foot Boord mee,  
How can'st thou here timely or not?

*Pb.* VWhat makes that to my speed? Come waste  
me over,

And talke of that anon.

*Ch.*

*Cb.* Nay soft, discover  
 Or thou art at thy furthest; Trust no tri  
 Nor falsities, But swear by sacred *Styx*,  
 VWhich even the gods call not to lyes,  
 VWithout the forfeit of their deities,  
 And loss of *Nectar* for a hundred years.  
 Speak, *Pbs* VWhat is *Phyllis* faultie here appears.

*Cb.* Thou canst not pass.

*Ph.* The gods forbid O smother  
 That breath, This death is worse then th'o-  
 ther;

I past last night, That I implunged in  
 For love, and must I dye again for sin?  
 Is it decreed?

*Cb.* It is, and signed by fate.

*Ph.* Ile supplicate the Gods then.

*Cb.* Tis too late.

*Ph.* Hard hap, but sawst thou not my *Demophon*

*Cb.* I did.

*Ph.* VWhere;

*Cb.* Hee is to *Elysium* gone.

*Ph.* And I left here O *Charon* prethee either  
 VVast mee to him, or fetch him hither.

*Cb.* Neither?

*Ph.* Shall he live happy?

*Cb.* Yes.

*Ph.* Then let me come

For hee knowes I am his *Elysium*.

*Cb.* Thou canst not wretch:

*Ph.* Noe? whether shall I then

Betake my selfe?

*Cb.* To yond fowle foggy fen,

*Ph.* And what when there?

*Cb.* Still tide it to and fro,

In deep despaire as those self murderers doe,  
 Seest thou these Troops like Autumnes leavy  
 Spoile,

VVhat self bemoaning, what unpittied coyle  
 They keep? But I sterne *Charon* have no cares  
 To heare their plaints; no eyes to see their  
 teares.

*Ph.* Have I contemned life, neglected Thrace  
 And my imperiall scepter for this place?

*Ch.* Blame thine own Rashnes to anticipate,  
 The supream act of Adamantine fate.

*Ph.* Has thou no pittyleft for Queens.

*Ch.* No, now

The basest beggar is as great as thou.

*Ph.* O give me yet a draught of Lethe, that  
 I may forget the tyranny of fate.

*Ca.* It cannot be allow'd alas thy woes  
 Begin but now.

*Ph.* VVhen end they then?

*Ch.* God knowes.

*Ph.* Pitty sweet *Charon*, pitty for his sake,  
 VVhose innocence must of my greits pertake  
 For hee and I long since agreed upon  
 This, Hee should *Phillis* be, I *Demophon*.  
 Our faithfull lipps were pledges of this twine  
 Hee giving his heart, I returning mine.  
 Tis I have sin'd, And must hee beare the  
 blow.

Tis not my heart, but his that suffers now,  
 O either yeild then to my just desire,  
 Or let mee suffer in my selfe entire,  
 But if't may be, Celestiall pittie move,  
 To spare us both, and lay the fault on Love.

*Ch.* VVcl.

Ch. Weell love shall blind the Gods & pittie shal  
 For once the faire quene be presidentiall.  
 Or if the Gods will not commiserate,  
 Ile steale thee over stix in spite of fate

*Flectere si nequeo Acheronta moveo.*

---

*Miserum me fuisse felicem!*

To Mr. H. C.

**H**ad *Palynurus*, never stear'd so farre,  
 As India, where the earthes choyce treasures  
 are.

His wooden Castle. might have split in sunder,  
 And nere arrived at a nine dayes wonder:

Had *Bellisarrus*, and I, never scene,  
 The faithlesse face of change's changefull queene;  
 And to so lostie hopes had no admission,  
 How blest had wee bene in our low condixion?

Had *athenais* not *Eudoxia* bene,  
 T'had bene no wound to be throwne downe agen;  
 Had I nere sene you ( fairest ) then my breast,  
 Had still bene calme in its haven of rest.

What th'eye nere sees, the heart nere grieves? had I  
 Nere drank at all, then had I nere bene dry.  
 I saw you but, and the wing' archers bow,  
 Drawn by the attractives of your eyes peirc'd  
 through.

My heart, so did hee from those eyes procure,  
 His bolt, his bowstringe, and his cynosure.

Unlucky luck, with joy and woe it fills mee,  
*Tarentula* like, it makes mee laugh, and kills mee,  
 Tis thou hast wounded mee, and I must meet  
 My cure in thee, O my sweet, bitter-sweet.

*Sic mihi res eadem vulnus openque tulit.*

---

A. B. *To an Irish Gentlewoman  
 that slighted him.*

WHAT time my bloud shall boyle so in my Veines  
 As I shall need a cooler for my reynes,  
 Ile call on *Jo.* fairer far then you are  
 Shall ease me of my Cod-peice Calenture;  
 But if a *Priapisme* put me hard upon't  
 Ile keep a Cow: And not an Irish Ront.

---

*To my noble Cousen Mr. R. C.  
 coming in mourning to be  
 merry with his friends.*

AND why in black? what means this nights array  
 Since I am frolick as the day?  
 Why comest thou thus in mourning to thy friend,  
 As if to mind: him of his end?

In such sad weeds the unwellcome Raven com:  
 To croak out our deteminated doomes:  
 Shake of these mystic foggs, that wee may know,  
 How much wee to thy visit owe.  
 Come not as thou hid'st treason in thy shrowd,  
 But lend the sweltring Sun thy cloud.  
 So shall hee set him downe and slumber, while  
 Thou cher'st us with thy smile;  
 How ill contriyed is that companie  
 VVhere one does laugh, another cry? (black  
 This man is cloathed in whit, that blew, thou  
 Even just like *Jeffery, James and Iack*.  
 VVhat will the world conclude when they see thee  
 In this fleabitten liverie?  
 Wee laugh, you lowre, wee singe, your serious state.  
 Seemes to affect the marbles fate,  
 This discord is unmusicall come, come,  
 Vncase unmask', and let each roome,  
 Thougldiest through, so radiant appeare,  
 As if the orbe of light moved there:  
 Breake out bright Soule, & give our wonder birth  
 At the *Meridian* of thy mirth.  
 Trust meet'were good and rare, but I see plaine,  
 Thou bring'st old fashions up againe;  
 Thy presence was a banquet and thou didst,  
 Present a deaths head in the midst,  
 So all thy courtesie ru'ns upon crutches,  
 Like him, makes a good feast, and grutches:  
 But, prethee, shall I this a visit call?  
 Suer thou cam'st to my funerall;  
 Or i't because thy clothes gainst surfets be,  
 mementoes of mortalitye?  
 Dost come to laugh, And set good chear to wrack,  
 And yet bring *Lens* upon thy back?  
 Nere fear good Cos- Heres nothing needs;  
 Such overmonitory weeds;

Wee have not to present you, what is rare  
 Only y'are wellcome to our country; fare;  
 Good powderd beefe, good mutton and good  
 sherrie,

And so, and so, I pray be merry,  
 With which accept our hearts; wee could extend  
 no more, should a'll the Gods descend.

And if this paper find acceptance too,  
 That's more sir then I promis'd you.

But I had rather be abrupt then tedious,

And therefore thus, and only thus,

You come in mourning, but when you returne,  
 You may leave of, but we must mourne.

*A gratus ades*  
*To my highly honoured cozen Mr B. C.*  
*Comming to Norwich.*

And art thou come boone Ben? then Norwich say,  
 I shankes ( noble *Phosphor* ) for this wisht for day  
 Then wellcome, wellcome, be they ever dumb:  
 That say not now wellcome B. C. wellcome:  
 Had I bene mute from birth, I now had broke;  
 All tounge tyes, and with dumb borne Atis spoke;  
 As *Jove* came downe the trifle to discusse,  
 T'wixt frogs and mice; so camst thou downe to us;  
 Both from above: though, here some difference lyes;  
 Hee came from heave'ns, thou from earth's paradise.  
 Yee both defend, being both divinely bright;  
 To dazle our inferiour Orb with light:  
 The country swaines' cause they alas could spell  
 No higher title, call thee Collenell;

Some



Some wiser though then others, reaping co:ne,  
 Thinke thou art *Ceres*, and resound their horne.  
 Devoutly beg thy largesse, and out vye,  
 The thunder with the eccho of their cry.  
 But when thou camest in at *Stephens* gate,  
 Thou gav'st our city cause enough of prate;  
 O how the people hurry, hurry ran,  
 To gaze upon thee as if more then man!  
 What heards of Aproners at every looke?  
 Read on thy robes *Norfolks* illustrious Duke?  
 Weavers, like shutles, here, and there per'p our,  
 And make no workon't for the revell rout.  
 Who finding how in vaine they strive for roome,  
 Each in a fustian surrey to his loome.  
 Returnes, And armed with his well try'd beame,  
 Levels his passage through th' oposing stream;  
 You'd laugh to see, how *Taylours* skipt about,  
 As mad as dogs to see themselues cut out.  
 VVishing their needles had no eyes for they,  
 (Poore theeves) might see their bellyfull to day.  
 The that her from the top oth' house, seing all,  
 Capers as if hce car'd not for a fall;  
 But tis too tedious to recite the rest,  
 They that were part oth Crowd can tell you best.  
 O how they shrunk into each others arme!  
 T'was a great mercy, that there was no harme:  
 Their bodyes twin'd, and tounes lay never still,  
 As if the rout had bene a twistring mill.  
 In dede the *Mayor*, and all the skarlet *Donnes*,  
 The bells too, and the thunder thumping *Gunnes*.  
 Had bene your entertainment; but of late,  
 Tis superstition, and growne out of date,  
 Nor had I thought t'haue writte, but your advance.  
 Constrained mee, *Orpheus*, playes, & trees must dance.  
 I am created post by my Theame,  
 Like *Memnon's* statute by *Apollon*, beame.

*To the worshipfull A. D. his Majesties Physitian Crossing the Seas.*

A Ccept his sad farewell, Sir, who here sings,  
 As dying Swans do at *Meanders* Springs;  
 Farewell, Stop there; O how the surges rise,  
 Into a brynic Spring-tide from mine eyes?  
 As if yet hope were left that these salt flowes  
 Might lend you Sea room, or else drown my woes;  
 And least you want wherewith to fill your saile;  
 My sighes swell up themselves into a gale;  
 If still be-calm'd, may you at least yet finde,  
 The proverb true in this, my Words, are Winde;  
 Meane time I shall to *Aolus* repaire,  
 That he would breath you winde enough and faire;  
 And then, to him commands the wavyc Court,  
 To chyd the Dolphins from their ominous sport;  
 Next ile entreat the azure-mantled skies,  
 To let their smiles, be your faire auguries;  
 And may your thankfull patients, beg of heaven  
 Health for you, Sir, who health to them have given  
 If among us to rearrive you please,  
 VVeel say, *Phæbus* comes from th' *Antipodes*.  
 If your return though, be deny'd by fate;  
 Live *Nestors* years in *Avicenna's* state.  
 And *Æsculapius*-like confirme the Earth  
 With faith, that you are of immortall birth;  
 This boon I beg, Sir, and this only one,  
 Now, and then, think on your poor *Stevenson*.

*To the City of*  
**CRACOVIA.**

**N**Ot out of Love, but fear of following evils;  
 The Moores of India sacrifice to devills;  
 So we to Norwich did invite Sir Thomas;  
 Only for this, to get him further from us.

*To Mr. R. C. upon*  
*The Mourning Ring he sent mee.*

**W**Hat, shall I laugh, or weep? this present;  
 doth  
 Present mee a necessity of both:  
 How can I choose but smile, when I behold  
 My lucky starrs laden with orient Gold?  
 But when I see it through black Curtains peeping,  
 Ah mee! I think, &c. fall a weeping,  
 My passions fight and flow, and it appears,  
 Excess of joy, as well as grief, finds teares;  
 Whilst I thus rapt *Narcissus*-like espie  
 Sun shine, and showers, play *Ayryll* in mine eye;  
 See how the Gold bopeeps in sable shrouds,  
 Like *Phæbus* posting through the raine-swolne  
 clouds;

(  
And well the simile holds, the black present  
His setting, and the Gold his orience.  
Here night and day *Luna* and *Sol* appeare,  
As if true *Æquinox* were only here.  
Nor should I much mistake the *Æquipage*,  
To call the golden, in the iron age:  
I may go boast, I on my finger weare  
The pythiest *Hyeroglyphick* of the yeare:  
For I can summer in thy posie read,  
And winter to the life in thy deaths head:  
Pretty, and precious guise, it shewes to mee  
Both puritie, and perpetuity;  
For whilst the Gold thy pure love does command,  
The Ring instructs my thanks to know no end.

---

To——upon  
*his giving mee a Library.*

**H**OW say you now? think you, I do not please  
My friend well, to obtaine such guists as these?  
What a whole Library at once? who looks  
Upon it, must conclude mee in his books.

---

*To a Gentlewoman, that refused.  
A very rich Spator, because  
he was not very hand-  
some.*

**F**'Aire Cosen, let me in this case advise,  
To quit your fancy: and give reason eyes:  
They

They that choose apples by their looks, are oft  
 Foild in their hopes, and for their folly scot.  
 Tis not the outside makes the man, Alas  
 A man's a man, had hee no Nose on's face.  
 Your *Lapidaries* not unoften note,  
 The rarest Jewell in a ragged Coat:  
 This Gentleman whose double duty serves you,  
 For ought I know, is one that well deserves you.  
 Forsake your eyes here, and trust to your care,  
 Hees sober, steady, staid, and fit to steare  
 In this tempestuous age: hard hap betides  
 Such vessells as have green heads for their guides:  
 But you shall ride amidst proud waves secure,  
 Hee being Pilot, And you Cynosure.  
 I could both name the parties, and the places,  
 Had bargaines foule enough of the faire faces,  
 Nor yet is liking allwayes beauties child,  
 Some have more wit then so to be beguild:  
 Beauties a blossome, and so quickly fled,  
 Tis scarce possessest, ere it be vanished:  
 Strike while the Irons hot Cos. least you find  
 The Proverb true, occasions bald behind.  
 To me the man seems passing lovely, Tush,  
 His beauty's inward, Good wine needs no bush  
 Hee's rich enough to make the world his debtor  
 Love, and lay hold then, seldome comes a better.  
 I had not writ thus much, but that I know  
 Your parents own it, and advise you so,  
 VVhose directory pleasure but fullfill,  
 And you do well, though you do nere so ill:  
 Read, and revise these lines, sweet Cos. least you  
 VVhilst you your self make fast, your selfe undoe.

# To a faire Lady.

M A D A M,

**H**ard is the task to write to such as you,  
For if I give you but whats halfe your due,  
Such as are unacquainted with your worth;  
Are apt to say, I highly set you forth;  
Whilst these that know you, must conclude, with  
mee,

Your praise above the straine of flattery,  
They that nere saw the glory of the Sun,  
Would think the Moon, lights only parragon;  
So such, to whom scarce a good face is knowne,  
Measure your beaushull beauty by their owne;  
Whilst, saw they but your face, As in amaze  
Theyd worship, what they wonder I so praise:  
Could you ( faire soule ) but parcell out your  
graces,

There were enough t'enrich a thousand faces  
And leave your selfe such store, as (though your  
light,

Have made them starres ) you'd still be Queen of  
night,

But hold my Muse, my paper is halfe done  
And I have scarce her story yet begun.  
But that would ask (to tell you what I think)  
A world of paper, and a Sea of Inke,  
Of Inke said I? Inke alas! would make that,  
A spotted fame, that is immaculate,  
No, I will rather never write at all,  
Then mention her, who is all-sweet, in gall :

Hee

Hee that the Bow-bell of her praise would ring,  
 Must pluck a pincen from a Seraphins wing.  
 And write in Nectar till her fame appears  
 An anthem to the musick of the spheres  
 But to leave what only my wish effects,  
 My fancy to whats feasible directs;  
 Ile rob the Swan of her white quill and then  
 With the same pen-knife that I make my pen,  
 Ile lance my purple veynes, and therewith write  
 Her story, like her self in red, and white.  
 And when my blood ha's all forsook my veines,  
 Let mee but be her Martyr for my paines.

---

*To my Mistresse.*

SO love me ever all yee powers divine;  
 As I love her, whom hope perswades is mine:  
 Rich then and happie were I, thus to winne  
 A beauty, Heaven without, and Heaven within.  
 Had I the world (as *Alexanders* heire)  
 Left mee, a patrimony high, and faire  
 Enough yee'd think, yet I for all this store,  
 Except shee whom I love, love mee; am poore.

---

## The middle Sister.

FAIREST,

DAME nature seems to make your Sisters stand  
 As handmaids, that attend on either hand;  
 To right, or left I turne nor, Poets say  
 The middle is the best, and safest way.  
 I view the Temples, and I find them three,  
 But still the middle Temple goes for mee;  
 Your Sisters are like banks on either side,  
 Whilst you, the Chrystall streame, betwixt them  
     glyde;  
 Tis light at morne, and when the day declines,  
 But yet, the brightest Sun at midday shines:  
 Methinks your Sisters stand on either side,  
 Like Bride-maids; you in middle like a Bryde;  
 Doubtlesse in you the middle grace I see  
 On this side Faith, on that side Charity;  
 My fancy seems to dictate to my sence  
 A Cawsway, twixt two Ditches or its fence.  
 The smooth and silent floods, in middle flow,  
 But the shores marmur; cause thwater's low.  
 And now I tell you, but what the world knows  
 Fullwell, betwixt two Nettles sits a Rose.



## The joviall Journey.

**U**P *Phæbus* up, and guild the horizon,  
 For love, and beauty, are a progresse gone.  
 Stand not to gaze, least thy too curious eye,  
 A fairer *Daphne*, in this Coach espie;  
 And thou great Prince of winds vouchsafe to us,  
 The gentle gusts of sweet breath'd *Zepherus*:  
 Come yee auspicious Choristers of the aire,  
 Let these faire Ladies see yee promise faire.  
 Chery up (sweet Syren of the woods) nere feare  
 Here is no *Tertus*, come be merry here,  
 And if the dust, it self too proudly reares,  
 Some gentle Cloud rebuke it with its teares:  
 Let the Earths green Plush, and floscular starres  
 out vye  
 The brighter Orbs, of the frost warning skie;  
 Let every brook present some pretty toy,  
 And every hedge be lin'd with travellers joy,  
 Grant fates, no inauspicious hate may chance  
 To crosse, yee, through unlucky ignorance;  
 But as the morning, so the evening may  
 Answer the beauty of a glorious day.  
 Then Sun, Wind, Birds, Raine, Earth and flowers  
 conspire  
 A harmony, next the Celestiall Quire.  
 And when friends meet, be your embraces such  
 As lovers, that each minuts absence grutch,  
 Whilst all that see, admire your greeting kisse,  
 As if the body met the soule in blisse.

To my Rivall.  
*Presenting my Mrs. Gold upon  
 Her Journey.*

(Hecces?)

How now ( my heart of gold ) what mean these  
 Hast broke thy heart and & given it her in pecces?  
 Or didst thou throw thy gold into her lap,  
 A ransom for thy ignorant escape?  
 Wouldst else be in the list of fame enrolld,  
 To court thy love like Jove in shours of gold.  
 State-politic in faith, they wine the Towers,  
 That shoot gold bullets at the Governours.  
 Thou hast good reason too, to use this sort,  
 Of golden battery, to so strong a fort.  
 Beieve mee, this was a well cover'd bayr,  
 You hope, shee will in loves exchang repay'e.  
 I hope so to, faith it was sauey sport,  
 Should you not get her portion mortgag'd fort.  
 T'may be you were in feare to loose it, and  
 Made an assurance office of her hand.  
 Or did the charmefull sparkles of her eye,  
 Dant your faint hart int' a delivery?  
 Goe charge the country then, for it was done.  
 I am your witnese beetween sun, & sun:  
 You that your gold thus to a virgin yeild,  
 Doubtlesse a bush had robd you in the field;  
 How if some theif should steale away her heart,  
 And of her portion take thy gold in part?  
 This were a double miserie, for then you  
 Loose both your gold; and your adventure too.  
 Tmay be you think you have good anchor-holde,  
 And in her pockets bottom thrust your gold.

Maidens

Maidens are mutable, be wise, beware,  
 The wind, & waves, not more unconstant are.  
 But you haue balanc'd hir with gold, least shee  
 Should suffer shipwrack in her leuitie:  
 Faith you abuse your selfe, and her much more  
 To give her monie; Give it to a whore;  
 For I must answer for her, shee don't carrie,  
 The needy garb, of one that's mercenarye:  
 I wonder shee would take, But 'tis an old  
 Proverb; that none but madfolke refuse gold.  
 But all the world ( should you be now deserted )  
 Would say, A foole and's money is soone parted

---

*Vpon a Porter Catching a  
 Gentlewoman as shee past by him.*

Last night a Porter . standing by the pye,  
 At Algate, saw a handsome lassie com by,  
 To whome hee flew with all his speede to court her,  
 I wonder, for shee did not call a porter.  
 Still hee did hugge, and in his armes enfold her,  
 As if he meant to heave her on his shoulder:  
 Hee wound her so, a stander by strait swore,  
 Some gentleman had sent him for a whore.  
 Shee cald him rogue, and sure shee cald him right  
 Yet hee, shee should not goe, lware by his light  
 Porter said I take heede, though shee be more,  
 Too heavy, sirrah, shee may be too hot.  
 Besides shee's of your trade, And free, shee beares  
 As many burthens as you for your cares:  
 Though with this difference, shee beares her pack,  
 Vpon her belly; you vpon your backe.  
 Yee both weare baggs, distinguish the same way,  
 With Fryers shee of black, and you of grey;

You

You have a pad, and shee, for ought I saw,  
 Was like enough to have a pad ith straw:  
 You have a Cord you do about you cast  
 Shee had a cordie robe about her wast:  
 Both have your aprons. Say you have a frock,  
 So shee haes that will rime to it a smock.  
 Shees call'd upon, and calls upon her too  
 Sometimes a Porter such a knave as you.  
 But I perceive you well whereto she ply'de  
 And had the fit come on you now to ride:  
 If not, you are a lasie looby right,  
 To struggle with a burthen was so light.

---

## At a Tapsters wedding.

**F**Aith I will tell you now a prettie trick;  
 This Tapster, gat the wench just in the nick,  
 Shee was; stay there! But why should I be loath  
 To tell the truth? shee was, as light as froath:  
 Hence I perceive, the Proverbs sometimes crost,  
 For shee that's light, does not lye uppermost.  
 Shee had been broacht a hundred times before,  
 No matter, he had rapt as many more:  
 Shee's modest though, as I'me an honest man  
 Shee blushes, just like any Cedar can.  
 And cause sheel be a smirking rogue, shee-swears  
 sheel snatch the smiles from all the laughing bere,  
 But heres enough of her, lets kisse the Cup  
 And if her Husband wont: weel stop her up.  
 As for his part, hee was so crank, his geare  
 Out of his Codpeice, flew like bottle bere.

But

But she hoping the worst did clap her thigh  
 Close to the ——— that nere a drop went by.  
 She was a thrifty wench he got from Wopping,  
 That thought it fitt to loose the least tap-dropping.  
 I heard her say my selfe though he should fill her  
 Up to the brim, he should not want a Killer:  
 She told him of his wenching too, and swore  
 Unless he left it, she would quit his score;  
 Ner should he ramble up and down the Town  
 Nor draw through any Fasset but her own  
 Faith if you do, (and cut an Oath she lashes)  
 Ile find you out among your balderdashes)  
 And if your tralops must not be forborne,  
 Ile break your pots: And make you drink in horne.  
 But t'end the jest adding one more t'out passe it  
 See here the Spiggit's marrig'd to the Fasset.

## Summer.

**S** Nakes cast their skins, and they are young ag'n  
 Summers the substance, winter the cast skin:  
 Summer is Youth in sprightly Equipage,  
 Winter's decrepit cralie, uselesse Age.  
 Sol's aureat beames so guild the worlds vast stage,  
 Twere small mistake, to call the golden age;  
 Summers all praise, what need it then a Poet (it  
 to speak it faire? since who know nought else, know  
 I might imbellish Summers sweet complexion,  
 Call Winter death; Summer the resurrection.  
 And when my tale with all my art is told,  
 What will the world conclude my news, but old?

Nor

Nor is it more then children use to say,  
 A summers' evening, is a winters day.  
 But Ile abruptly off, and what I have,  
 Begun absurdly, as absurdly leave;  
 Least I goe scale the spheares, and blinde with light  
 Set in a cloud & simply say, Good night:

---

*In prayse of winter.*

**H**ONOUR and Age inhabits the same spheare ;  
 Winter is the antiquity of the yeare:  
 Grave signiour Hyems, fo his hoary pate,  
 And snowy beard, denounce his aged state.  
 See but how like a statlye traveller,  
 Northward hee comes; Autumne's his harbinger,  
 That bids the trees unmask, unucyle their creasta,  
 That he may read submission on their breasts:  
 Whilst their green offspring lowly fall, to greet  
 The potent presence of his stable feet,  
 The gawdy bankes pack up alas! here comes  
 No midwife *April*, to unteeme their wombs.  
 Nay here the showr'd downe waters, stand amaz'd,  
 Rivers are Chrystallin'd, *Neptunes* hall is glaz'd,  
 Spouts have their pendants, paultry thatch receives  
 Translucent Chrystall, And adorne his Eaves.  
*Leda's* a fable, but I here presume  
 To justifie, that *Jove* descends in plume.  
 And that the stupid Earth may know he comes,  
 The Heavens send down whole showers of Sugar  
 plums.  
 Whilst streets are pav'd with Pearl: Let summer  
 boast  
 Such pomp, such cares, and all my praise is lost.

But here's not all of winter; you shall see  
 His providence for mortall wights, whilst hee  
 Locks up the graine in bolome of the Earth,  
 Till *Ceres* bleſſe it with a thriving birth.  
 How would the blade endure th' *Æolian* tugging,  
 But winter guards it with his ſnow-white rugging?  
 We may conclude his power, in that he can  
 Enjoyne the Alps a pennance as a man.  
 The ſaucie Duſt checkt into mud, and mire,  
 Merits no mention, our reports are higher:  
 Summer breeds ſurfets, and infects the bloud,  
 Winter is haile againe, and makes all good:  
 Is beauty of eſteem? then winter can  
 Boaſt, hee abſtergeth Summers freckled tan:  
 Ladies ſo ſpruce to captivate mens ſight,  
 Borrow March winds to make that ſpruſeneſſe  
 white.

Winter makes men couragious, who dare  
 Dance upon *Thetis* lap at midſummer.  
 In Summers dayes even length, and lazineſſe meet  
 Winters are ſhort, The Proverbs, ſhort and ſweet.  
 Theres none ſo bad to be call'd dog-dayes here,  
 No no we move not in ſo baſe a ſphere:  
 No ſcorching Sun offends, any man may  
 With a good ſaggot make a Summers day:  
 What entertainment to a winters toaſt?  
 VVhat Chriſtmaſſe, pray, can *June* or *July* boaſt?  
 Summer alas hath no *Æolian* breath,  
 To reſcue his perishing ſouls from death,  
 Flame-colour'd hearth, even ready to expire,  
 Looks pale as aſhes, Sol puts out the fire,  
 Trees ſtrait are lopt then and their verdant locks  
 Borrow'd, to border ovt the Chymnic ſtocks;  
 Set out with trunks of trees, ſtumps, aimes and all,  
 As if the Chymnic were ſome Hoſpitall:  
 In winter time the hearth ſtands aliter wiſe,  
 And men with hands erected ſacrifice.

Whilst in a round the Priests of *Bacchus* sing  
 Ingenious Anthems, to their grape-crownd King:  
 In winter men at cold meat make a pish,  
 In Summer they are glad of such a dish;  
 Winter hath boyld, and bak't, and roast, Alas!  
 Summer turnes men, as men do beasts, to grasse,  
 Winter makes warres of tease, who would not that  
 If peace and plenty have no praise, then what?  
 I might enlarge my self, but thus farre may,  
 Suffice to travell on a winters day.  
 Who likes not this, a gods name let him run  
 Out of Gods blessings, into the warm sun.

*Upon Yorkshire Ale.*

1.

POx take your *Yorkshire Ale*,  
 It did so firk my taile  
 That that I had like beshit mee;  
 Besides, so damnd a tumour  
 Possess't its divellish humour,  
 As it had almost split mee.

2.

Now hang thee tike of *York*,  
 Thou giv'st us neither Cork,  
 Nor yet convenient wedges;  
 And know'st thy wylie worr,  
 Is wont to make us squort  
 Over a thousand hedges.

That



3.

That men should sit and fuddle  
In such a sink of puddle  
And to, and fro so put her;  
Just such Ambrosia sucks  
A Company of Ducks  
Out of a filthy gutter.

4.

For my part Ile get bay't  
And in my belly lay't  
Having drunk this dirty floud:  
VVhat ere my palat feeles,  
There cannot but be Eels  
VVhere there is so much Mudde.

5.

No mar! such nappie stufte  
As falling Band, and Ruffe  
Throughout the Citty, haunts it,  
VVhen I drink any more,  
Then call mee such a whore,  
Asile call her that launts it.

6.

Doubtlesse the men are mad  
VVhere water may be had  
That loop such nasty gore.  
Some call't a remedy  
Against the stone, but I  
Have laid a stone at dore:

To humour palats, But for mine alone  
 Give mee your dealing and your drink right down.  
 Have at thee then (my boy) for a blyth pull,  
 VVeel wrap our noses up in thy Lambs wool:  
 And when our Cups advance a loffie hemme,  
 VVee'l hum thee up *John of Hierusalem.*

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The Postscript.  
*To the precedent Poem.*

**B**Ut what? your angry, twas not my intent  
 To slay the Lamb; or hurt the innocent.  
 VVhist! whist for shame! least people as they passe  
 Say, Look yee there dwells *Ba—lam* and his Ass,  
 Come *Jack* be wise and thy self sober keep  
 And thou shalt be mine Host, when they are Sheep  
 Tel them the reckning twice twelve pence a peece;  
 J'lle warrant thee that thou shalt get their fleeces;  
 And let them then come, and laugh thee to scorne  
 VVhen thou hast turn'd them out, like sheep new  
 shorne.

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 Yorkshire Ale.

**W**oman be nimble, and let's see rhy craft,  
 My early stomach craves a mornings draft;  
 Bring me that Indian pot whence I may sipp  
 The Nectar of black *Cleopatras* lip:

*To my right well reckon'd host  
at the Lamb.*

**M**ine host, or shepheard which is fitter title  
Since you keep sheep, though in the barly pytle;  
They say, ther's many a well provided ranme  
Comes to turne of his horne with your sweet  
Lamb

The fallow Ewes when the Tups are fled,  
Set toot, and sweare theyle drink all weathers dead.  
This though, is much complain'd of, that you keep  
An old brown Curre to worry all your sheep.  
Nay more, as some report that have been there,  
There is a kinde of magick in your beer:  
And *Hocus pocus* drawes it too, or else  
It turnes your sheep to foxes first, And then  
A game at Noddy, Theres your sheep agen:  
Sure *Circe* taught thy Cup this cunning charm  
To metamorphose with so little harm.

But stay! you keep a Scriv'ners shop mee think  
VVhere pipes for pens, and best bere, serves for  
Jnk;

Y have clarks too, and industrious ladds, for some  
Run, making of Indentures all th' way home.  
Else bedding with the Lamb, they rub their eyes  
And shake their Eares, and with the larks they rise.  
Jle come and see thee faith mine host, perhaps  
Bring thee as many guests, as thou hast taps.  
Then wormwood, Succory, Scurvy-grass, & Sage  
With Lemon, shall advance in *Equi*page

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 And know'st thy wylie wort,  
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 And to, and fro so put her;  
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at the Lamb.*

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Als.

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The marrow of Malt: where the nut-brown roast  
 Smiles in the flowrie Ale, whose mirthfull hoast  
 Makes mee turne Marriner, and hither saile  
 To court the confines of this famous Ale,  
 This noble Ale, this most substantiall liquor,  
 That chears the *Stade*, and makes the Genious  
 quicker,

Ideots a ship board sick, accuse the Seas,  
 Whilst their own fowle stomachs are the disease  
 So fooles pick quarrell with pure cleansing Ale  
 Because it doth Sir reverence wring their rail:  
 Mee thinks this Ale, and the old wife agree,  
 So well, as *Hero* and her Nurse I see.

Would but good fellows meet, our daylie club  
 Should ~~act~~ the Sisters at the *Danaan* tub;  
 But stay, I feare, while I thus idolize  
 The shrine of Ale, I but enhance the price,  
 Be therefore this sufficient to be said,  
 Alive tis Ale, And *Aqua viva*, dead.

*Upon a hungry gutted Porter.*

NO marvell Chapman falls so to the scrap,  
 The first, and best part of his name is chap:  
 Which if a man but spell, he easily can  
 Perceive, more letters go to Chap, then man.  
 Yet this is all but mirth, although perhaps  
 He may conceit I take him on the Chaps.  
 Well it I do, my frolick is to swap  
 My nimble braine, against his nimble chap.  
 Yet this by way of leave ile adde, a more  
 In sitting poster never kept a dore.

How

How should he ope it? for hee never heares  
If it be true, The belly hath no cares.

E. B. *To his noble friend, that gave  
him a new paire of Boots,  
and Gloves.*

— — — — — *Ods foot.*

I Never drew on a compleater Boot;  
The blushing top makes me top gallant, and  
Me thinks I do on beds of Roses stand:  
Nay even the very leggs do seem to owe  
Their orient tincture to the Sonnes of Bow:  
Nor can I think but *Jove-Lov'd-Jo's* hide  
Was purchast, to compleat this Ocean pride:  
Who having been the thunderers Curtisan,  
Blushes to crib it with the Calves of man:  
The wax was borrowd from the Lillyes bed,  
And the three Sisters span, and cut the thred,  
The Boot in the exactest mode doth set,  
All (in a word) from top to toe is neat.  
As for the Shoemaker I can only tell,  
For one hee never saw, hee fits me well.  
Your Gloves too make me spruce, as *Joba a Giant*  
Protest (sweet Sir) you are right Cordevant,  
For you have given mee Boots, and Gloves to  
boot  
What shall I say? y'have bound mee, hand and  
foot.

## A. B. to his shoemaker.

Sirra looke to't I shall reduce your pride;  
 Rip up your roguerie and rew your hide.  
 My weather long shall apt a time for th'nence  
 To stretch the latches of your logger sconce.  
 You were too high ith' instep, I'm afraid,  
 Your loftinesse will soone be underlaid;  
*Crispine* coucht in a shoemakers disguise,  
 Cause none so base to cheat inquiring eyes.  
 Yet to fit mee should *Crispin* come to doe't,  
*Crispine*, by Jove hee came but to my foot.  
 And dost thou wretch to reach this head of mine,  
 Muster thy brussels as the Porcupine  
 Her quills' presumptuous trash, I could afford,  
 To send the challenge to the cutting board;  
 New vampe your manners, & more modish bee,  
 Least *Peter* stretch you on a crosse grained tree:  
 Where being once set up, tisten to one,  
 You'l find it harder to come off, then one:  
 Villian avant, henceforth nere looke to have  
 The length of my foot, since y' have plaid the knave  
 Noe noe, I view your bill and there I see,  
 The very place where my shoe pinches mee;  
 But make your marker pray of what is past,  
 Fellow beleve't of me y've had y' our last:  
 And that the world may see in every line,  
 I fitt thy foot, as thou hast fitt mine.  
 Thus I in fine translate thee, goe, extend  
 Thy base spun thread, to make a Coblers end.

*Vpon his giving a payre of shoes to  
get the former paper answered.*

Silly, and sencelesse, knockt there heads together,  
To forge a foolish answer, knowing neither,  
To whome, nor how, only they would b'lurt forth,  
Some thing, that men might see their want of worth.  
I'lle bray you in my mortar fooles, and then,  
Make yee a pastime for the worst of men.  
Incorparate yee vessells, base absurd,  
With *Album Gracum*, and the Divells turd.  
Compound yee up into a pocky pill,  
VVith C. & G. & D. & Sarsaperill,  
And Sassafras, whilst all that see yee, shall  
Say yee are rogues Alexipharmacall.  
I hope it shall suffice, when I have brought,  
Your bodyes into atomes, worle then nought;  
Some fishwives kist your fancies, taught ye prate  
The rabulous dialect of Billingsgate,  
And yet I lik't your taile timber for it,  
Came Just in time as I had list to sh—  
Sans Ceremonie then end these Jarres,  
You and your Poet after kisse mine A—  
but didst thou think up to reveng to climbe?  
By a poore mercenary, hacking ryme, (stretch,  
Or that thou couldst thy letherne purse-strings  
Vnto the latitude my braines would reach?  
Away, poore foole! when my keene satyrs come,  
Off with your hat, and scrape your answer, mumme.  
Shouldst thou buy lines, to answer mee thou fopp  
I'lle write, till't cost thee all the shoes ith shop.

## Alice Goffe.

*A poore woman taken stealing soape.*

**W**hy how now woman? what's the newes? belike  
 You serve'd the grocer but a slippery trick,  
 'Twas very cheap, nay marry you must thrive,  
 If wee pay ten, & you get under five.  
 But stay they say the grocer turn'd his eyes,  
 And you stole, both the custome, and excise:  
 And well enough you did, but a rope  
 The mischeife lyes, you should have left the sope  
 You made wash way with't, being but a reach,  
 But have a care, it h'end't may cost a stretch.  
 You know the broverb, it's as true as old,  
 If the one chance to slip, t'hoother, will hold.  
 Alas you never could have stoll'ne a badder,  
 Commoditie, Sope brings you to the ladder.  
 You think to have't with a wet finger, but  
 A cleanly theife had better be a slut.  
 Come, Come, stay the hoggs leisure pray, I hope  
 As good as you doth wash with Lincolneshrice sope  
 If you steale sope to make your clothes so fine,  
 Youle bring your selfe, as well as them, to th'line.  
 Yet I confesse, 'twas pittie goody Goffe,  
 Stealing good sope, you came no cleaner of.



*To my Noble Friend.*

**T**His after-noon your riding Boots and bands,  
 Your good grey cloak, and Gloves came to my  
 hands;  
 The Gloves were trim, the Cloak most purely  
 feeles,  
 The bands, and Boots have ryde me neck & heel.

---

*To the same Gentleman desiring my  
 verses upon any price and on  
 his sending mee a  
 new Suit.*

**P**rice? out upon't! what price? pray doe you  
 think?

A price of paper, and a little ink?  
 If you like our poetick merchandise,  
 Traffick, and your acceptance is the price.  
 For mee I think it even in justice meet,  
 So long as you finde Boots, that we finde feet:  
 Sir in a word, your love returnes with ours,  
 Our suit accepted was, and so is yours.

---

*To a Schoole master.*

*In excuse of his Scholler G. Green.*

**T**His duskie morne the youth was overseen  
 Pardon good Sir, in truth the boy is Green.

*To my valued friend: A New-years  
gift.*

**H**Ad I but *Mydas* Chymick touch,  
My new years gift should now be such  
Europ should it admire: But I  
Talk of Larks in a falling skie;  
In stead therefore of hopelesse pelfe,  
Deyne but acceptance, and my selfe  
Am your oblation, but alas!  
How shall this gift for current pass?  
Since what I here present unto you,  
Being given you long agoe I owe you;  
Since then our gifts prove empty dishes,  
Weel furnish them with wholsom wisnes;  
Our first be this, where ere you come;  
May you but view, and overcome;  
Weed with you younger brothers wit,  
But that wee see y'abound with it,  
May shee that moves your amorous thint  
Be wounded, and your prisoner first;  
And let her unconcealed fires  
Foment your temperate desires,  
May favoring heaven, lend her no rest.  
On any Pillow but your breast;  
And when glad *Hymens* holy twine,  
Hath clapt her Lilly hand in thine;  
Then let thine armes at once enfold  
Faire *Hellens* face, and *Danaes* Gold;  
May all her care, and study be,  
To love, and be belov'd of thee;

And

And to eternize mutuall favour,  
 Havens make her such as thou wouldst have her  
 I envie, any foes shall make yee,  
 Be this their curse, A Good yeare take yee.

## A L E.

**I**S this that Ale to which the Dyers flew  
 So fast, to wadd their Copper noses blew,  
 Bidding old stingo Cut-throat bere, adieu?

*Then give us Ale.*

Is this that jolly juyce, those bowling bratts  
 Soakt in; And on their shoulders set their fatts  
 With Rams-heads, spite of Rainbowed in their hats?

*Then give us Ale.*

Is this that Yorkshire Ruffe did so confound;  
 And send a way the Weavers shuttle crownd,  
 That they could neither finde nor feel the ground?

*Then give us Ale.*

Is this that temple, where the weavers lay  
 To meet the merry Merchants, day by day,  
 And double Ale their single stuffs away?

*Then give us Ale.*

Is this that so much talkt of Northren hum,  
 For which both simpletons and sages come  
 Is this that Lantatan—tanta? lo—but mum.

*Then give us Ale.*

Is this that Ale that makes you dyers be  
 So oft from home? pray tell me where were yee?  
 Should all be hang'd that from their Colours fle.

*Then give us Ale.*

Is this that same that did so much besot  
 The roasted Comber, as he quite forgot  
 His own, And now calls for the other pot?

*Then give us Ale.*

Yea give us Ale, for now I finde it true,  
 That Merchants, Weavers, Combers, Diars too,  
 And all the world, this liquor turnes true blew:

*Then give us Ale.*

As for your Poet his unfeyned wishes  
 Are, that the Ocean were such Ale as this is,  
 That yee, and all true trouts might drink like  
 fishes.

*Then give us Ale:*

And for ol'd Margerie that Northern minks,  
 For my part, such Ale as shee brews, shee drinks.

*A Visit.*

**L**ast Fryday, to my neighbours house I stepr,  
 To see what Hospitallity he kept;  
 Soon I espied his Chimnie like a Maiden  
 In the green sicknesse, with her colour fading,  
 Blushlesse, and bleath, only herein they sever:  
 This a numme Palsie hath, and that a Feaver;  
 Neighbour

Neighbour said I, your Chymnies to be let  
 Why (Sir) quoth hee, you see no bill ont yet;  
 Well then, laid I, to put you out of doubt,  
 I guesse so, cause your fire is going out.

---

### *To the World.*

Some say Deucalion made the World  
 Repopulous, with stones he hurld  
 Over his shoulder; On my life  
 Tis false, Hee hurld them ore his wife;  
 And ever since 'thas been the fashion,  
 So to hurle stones in generation.

---

O. P. to A. C. that oversold him a Horse to  
 pay him at the day of his marriage, he  
 being contracted and to marry With  
 in ten dayes: O. P. not dreaming of any such matter.

Why how now Jockie? what upo n the Catch?  
 Had I suspected yours, 'thad been no match.  
 Look how the Proverbs crost, you'rt hastily bent  
 To marry, yet not you, but I repent.  
 How have my starres my credulous hopes still crost?  
 You ride a cockhorse: I must pay the Post.  
 Hence I the cresse of the conceitespie,  
 You were though close, as hot upon't as I;  
 But I had smelt you out, and slept your curse,  
 Had I had as much forecast as my horse.  
 What will men say to whom this story's told?  
 But I and not my horse, am bought and sold.

You

You have my monie, and I hope with it  
 That I have paid for both your horse, and wit.  
 Whilst it must be of all the world confest,  
 On your side a good bargaine, mine, good jeast.  
 But don and past, I shall revive no strite,  
 But take my beast, Sir, as you take your wife.  
 Whom herein I presume I make my debtor,  
 You, double paid, must do your work the better :  
 In brieft tis thus, neither better nor worse  
 You up, and ride, and I must hold your horse.  
 Whilst I conclude as sad experience teaches,  
 Not only you, but your horse over-reaches;  
 But 'twas so close, so slyly brought about,  
 Neither my horse, nor I could stumble't out.  
 Yet thus much might be spoken on my side,  
 Selling your horse, who'd think you meant to ride?  
 But 'twas my error to conceive you lackt  
 A Nag, your wife I hope found one well backt.  
 I might have lookt him in the mouth I see,  
 Neither your horse, nor you are over free:  
 My bargain, Sir, was bad, and you have done mee  
 Some injury with mine own horse 'bout run mee,  
 But yet if your civility extends  
 To this requitall, we are absolute friends;  
 Since you are hee, whom I did so confide in,  
 You'll only lend mee your old boots to ride in.

---

*Upon the name of the same horse  
 being called Butler.*

**B**utler ! why that sounds draft horse, but I see  
 That thou canst scarce draw thy leggs after  
 thee.

But

But yet thy crafty Master laid a ginn  
 And thou, and hee, made shift to draw mee in;  
 But Troy will tell thee these are things of course,  
 Synon could do it with a wooden horse.

---

*PseudoPoeta in a paper of false verses  
 inveying against Tantalua for her  
 lyeing tales.*

SHall I condemne *Tantalua*, and not you?  
 Her tales were false, your verses are not true.  
 Be gentle pray, you seem to have forgot  
 The proverb, whilst the kill upbraids the por.  
 Come, yee are guilty both, of oversight,  
 Neither your verses, nor her tales are right;  
 Yea I could show you too as many slips  
 In your false feet, as in her faltering lips;  
 But I excuse yee both, for you perchance  
 As well as shee, did it in ignorance.

*Veniam petimus dabimusque.*

---

*Upon ——— his Picture  
 Prefixt to his A'manack.*

W<sup>H</sup>at base aspect is this? didst thou devise  
 This haggie look, to be thought weather  
 wise?

Gyphe,

Gypsies doe just the same, they get an ill  
 And counterfeit complexion, that's their skill.  
 But thou, as thine owne patron didst advance  
 This front; A lye had need of countenance.  
 Whence, by the by, no wiseman undertakes,  
 The patronage of any almanacks.  
 Yet I durst sweare, ther is, if truth were known  
 Nothing in thine, but the fooles face thine owne.  
 That preface false and foul nor is that yet  
 Thine owne, but like the rest they counterfeit.  
 But mum, since I have lately understode,  
 That you with the fowre hundred prophesie good.  
 Yet thus by way of caution, take heede how,  
 You tell a lye, And set a face on't too.

---

*To Mr. ——— upon his  
 silly Epitaph in print.*

But didst thou pump this lamentable stuffe?  
 Preest the lines are pittifull cnuiffe;  
 Th' are somewhat shallow, but if thou wouldst keepe  
 her  
 Immortall, let th' ingraver sink them deeper.  
 Thou, for the funerall, didst thy verses sort,  
 A man doe sugar plum's, some long, some short:  
 'Twas goodluck though, they to thearse were pin'd  
 Else being lame tha'd sure been left behin'd:  
 But have a care, least with affront you greet.  
 The collenell, to send his wife a sheet;  
 Sure shee was rich enough, to leave be hinde her  
 Other gate stuffe, then thy fowle sheet, to wind her.



Did'st thou intend this sing song to her honour?  
 Thoud'st plaid the Sexton, & thrown dirt upon her.  
 Thou should'st have lighted too thy dismall dashes  
 At the next torch, and cry'd ashes to ashes:  
 Then, as her preist, or poet choose you whether,  
 Thou'd'st bury'd fame, and body both together.  
 Had'st thou soopt sack, it would have brought thy  
 chymes,

In better tune and taught thee lostier ry'mes.  
 But ah! thy, muddy fancy showes me clear.  
 Thou stood'st among the beggers, serv'd with bear.  
 Thou'd'st better brooke an elegiack jeast,  
 And made an *affidavit mortua est*,  
 Yet 'twas well donet'avouch it with thy name,  
 Least honest men should suffer for thy shame.  
 Thou say'st thy belly shakd when thou didst writ;  
 I think so too, the divel a verse was right.  
 When my ill fortune's dead, and I would laugh,  
 Ile send for thee to jerke an Epiraph.  
 Thou would'st be both a Poet, and Attorney;  
 Alas thy braines won't serve thee halfe the journey.  
 Would'st be a poet and atturney? Harke  
 What I adv'se, learne first to be a clark.  
 But here's enough; hee that writ this, hee knowes,  
 The muses never dwell in Silly Howse.

### *On the Gun-powder treason.*

**N**ow, fooles! how think yee is there not a God?  
 Ask but your backes, that smart with your owne  
 rod.

When yee prepar'd this cup, did yee then thinke,  
 The dregs should be the draught your selves must  
 drink?

done.

Doubtlesse, yee'd not have dig'd so deepe a pitt,  
 Had yee but dream't your selves should hansell ir:  
 Bow black was this eclypse? what mean't yee by't?  
 A flame, and yet no light; twas hell fire right.  
 VVas ever vulcan matcht with such a horne?  
 But hee that sate in heaven laught yee to scorne.  
 VVhat at one blow both court and commons? pish  
 \*Twas but a falsifie, a *Cal gula's* wish  
 Yea but false fire, by heaven the touch hole was,  
 So stopt the flame could not to th' barrell passe.  
 Blest be the churches great protector for't!  
 'Twas yee gave fire, but wee gave the report.  
 Infernall Angells fight with *Gabriell*,  
 And heaven it selfe seemes undermin'd by hell.  
 But O how vainely the black brood of night.  
 Martiall their mates against the sonnes of light?  
 Fear not *Bethu'in*. *Holoferenes* shall,  
 Be dead drunk, and by his owne sawehin fall.  
*Goliabs* boasts are breathlesse, mercilesse *Mydian*  
 Must buckle to the brandisht blade of *Gideon*. (knock  
 VVee need not feare, nor care wee though hell  
 Our temple's built on an impregnable rack;  
 Preserv'd by providence. *Babells* bratts may kick  
 But never move our heaven fixt candle stick,  
 Tis *Rome* must ruine *Rome*, tis not your ginnes,  
 Are able to ensnare us, but our sinnes:  
 Puffe till yee pant againe, alas! fond foe,  
 You doe but ashes off our alters blow.  
 And whilst your hell-hacht plots, your hate reveal  
 You don't extinguish, but inflame our zeal.  
 The wind, that shakes the boughes, fastens the root;  
 And you confirm us, whilst yee goe about.  
 Thus to supplant us; tush! yee doe but hence,  
 Endeare us to our God, for new defence.  
 But would you be reveng'd? then thus let't be,  
 Plot so, as he that made the eye, may'nt see.

To the right honourable the C. of  
**D O R S E T,**

*Promising a Gentleman her Kinswoman  
 in marriage,*

M A D A M,

**T**He charmesfull language from your lips distilld  
 My ravishd cares with heavenly musick fill'd.  
 Had I led Love unto your Nieces heart;  
 And praid him there transfix his keenest dart  
 His being blind would have left him exempt  
 From penalty, And charg'd the whole attempt  
 On my accompt, whose boldnes durst aspire  
 (*Promethews* like) unto celestiall fire.  
 Twere sacriledge, and just such, to bereave  
*Diana* of a Nymph, without her leave.  
 Or steal a starre from off his region  
 Whilst *Phebe* slept with her *Endymion*.  
 I had been felon to your honours bleud  
 And stolne a cignet from that royall floud.  
 Had not your grace first given me my book  
 The golden Scepter of your gracious look.  
 But now with humble confidence I resort  
 To this faire stream, having your warrant for't.  
 Only let me beseech your honour that  
 You'd ratifie it with a second date.  
 Then being armd with this encouragement  
 My next addresse is to the Lady bent:

My

My fortunes balance, on whose only breath'  
 Depends the sentence of my life, or death.  
 If such a match felicitate my life,  
 Ile treat her as my Mistrisse though my wife.  
 Ile study what may please her, and contend,  
 With fate, to make her happie to the end.  
 As for you gracious madam) deigne mee still,  
 The clear beames of your ladyships good will:  
 So shall I be assur'd what I commence.  
 Shall ripne in such sun light influence:  
 Meane while no thought shall from my breast arise  
 But what I dare present as sacrifice.  
 Thus J retorne my selfe to both, whilst thee.  
 Possesse my heart; your grace commands my knee.

---

*The weavers Memento mori.*

**A**N honest weaver willing to make sure  
 His soule and body with arts ligatur,  
 Betooke him to his trade, and having got  
 The knack on't, knit them on a weavers knot.  
 But death a craftie merchant found a brack,  
 And let him plainly see t'would hould no tack,  
 Here's stuffe quoth hee, alas t'will scarce be worth  
 The looking on, when J have laid it forth.  
 Where is the fresh gloss, is this the lively red?  
 You spake oft t'ust tis faded, fled, and dead.  
 Alack and well a day the weaver said,  
 How dearly have J for this colour paid?  
 And yet it gives you no content, but J,  
 Poore J must let, must leave my work and die.

Ah! mee impartiall death where thou dost come,  
 Thou either cutst of, or concludst the thum.  
 My beame is strong, but strength will not prevaile  
 Golyah's speare stout as my beame did faile:  
 My nimble shuttle flitting here, and there,  
 Presents my life's in stable character:  
 Mark but how swift it to its exit tendes,  
 So fleetly fly wee all unto our our ends:  
 It puts but forth, and at its port arives,  
 So doth our death begin even with our lives.  
 My globe like wheel about its pole is hurld,  
 Just as the heavens are rapt about the world,  
 And turning to my filling boy behind me  
 His winding pipes, does of my wind pipe mind mee.  
 If hee stand still I must not work, if the aire,  
 Fill not my pipes my work will soon impaire,  
 A constant motion to my trade belongs,  
 So nature hath her loome, my breast, my lungs.  
 My blouds' her posting shuttle swiftly flies,  
 Through the strait conduits of my arteries.  
 My purple veines her warping is, my haire  
 My tendons find, my nerves her tackling are.  
 My solid parts, my able bones are some,  
 Appointed beames, some holdfasts of her loome:  
 And thus in there owne lomes doe all men weave,  
 And women too from cradle to their grave.  
 Nor cease wee all a bove a minutes breath,  
 Till wee be turned out of worke by death.  
 Thus from those instruments by which I learnt  
 My livelyhood, to dye I likewise learnt.  
 I looke but on my eyes, And I can read,  
 In them the seperation of my thread.  
 In laying of my colours, still I found,  
 The lowest, a memento of the ground.  
 The fashions teach mee since they keep no stay,  
 The fashion of this world passes away,

Come

Come then and wellcome death I have enough  
Of this vaine world , Its fraile, and druggie stuffe.  
Can tempt mine eyes no more, come fetch me  
home

Ile give my life , for death; my loome for lome

---

### To Constantia

Let others ply the oarest'wixt doubts and feares,  
For I am past those rocks, those tydes of tears.  
My sullen starre is fallen, warr's past, and I  
Laiden with trophies of my victorie.

How doe I blesse my fate that I did meet ?

With one so faire, so faithfull, and so sweet.

My humble knee bowes henceforth to no shrine,  
( Though *Venus* were thy rivall ) but to thine.

Happy my dearest, happie hee may lye,

Vnder the tropick of thy gracious eye.

Nothing but death shall my firme faith remove,

Nothing but the cold flore shall coole my love.

The Gardeon knot that could not be unty'd

By art, did *Alexanders* sword divide-

Our love knot's faster, nor shall armes, nor arts

Vnlink the chain of our vnited hearts.

The noon-eyd sun may chance run retrograde,

And as a *Daphne* follow his own shade.

Heaven may descend to earth, And earth aspire

To Heaven. And water be at peace with fire,

Fishes and fowles may change their elements,

And take a glory in their new contents.

But when I faile, but when I cease to love,

The center shall from its fixt base remove,

VWhen

When I divid the thread our loves have spun,  
 The streames shall back upon there fountaines run.  
 This I conclude a possibilitie,  
 I may forget my name; but never thee.  
 Ceres cickle; whether art thou gone.  
 See'st not our hopes into full harvest growne?  
 Come boonest *Bacchus*, come let's have a health,  
 To our best wishes; love hath store of wealth.  
 View here our vintage, see our blest increase,  
 Of swelling grapes that only want the presse.  
 Hast Hymen hast, for wee must find in you,  
 The end of our desires and verses too,

---

*To Bovino.*

You ~~be~~ Sir, as if you meant a prize,  
 With mild at the bovine exercise.  
 Push forwards your good motion Sir, you may,  
 Encrease my landlords cornucopia.  
 But to speake naked truth they say that you,  
 Doe not run to the bull, but to the cow.  
 Where you your selfe in manner of a bull,  
 Doe give Europa her white belly full.  
 And as tis fit you should haveing gone halves  
 In getting, now you help to keepe the Calves.  
 But have a care St. Stephens wide gates are near,  
 You'l run your selfe out ere you be aware.

---

# The FLEETS.

( 92 )

**M***Y* wishes greet  
The English fleet  
May no former roffe  
The Harp and Crosse  
Smile & entefate  
Upon our State  
Attend all health  
This Common wealth.

The Navie of the Dutch  
I all good fortunes grutch  
Vancrump and his Sea forces  
Shall have my daily curses  
Upon the Dutch and Dane  
Wait their eternall banes:  
The Cavalering part  
I value not a far.



*To a drunken Porter reeling into the  
Ring to wrastle with a Taylor.*

**H**Ey hey pot-valiant Porter, friend, I feare,  
That you have somewhat more then you can  
beare.

You make mee laugh to see you face and crack,

You puppie, I could beare you on my back.

Out of the Ring unlesse you were more stout:

The Taylor swears he'll fling, or cut you out.

You stand so waving and so tottering,

As if there were an Earth-quake in the Ring.

And eye the Taylor, as you would adore him,

Y'are so devout you scarce can stand before him.

Do you not heare him say it shall go hard

But at the first touch hee'll turne up your yard,

Nor will he use a quarter of his strength

To measure all your quarters out at length.

See but his active 'stout, and able limb,

Porter I see you'll never carry him.

Go wrastle with yond tree you dizzie crowne,

More need to hold you up, then bule you downe.

Had you as many leggs as any louse

The eyes of Argus, Hands of Bryareus,

All would not do it, for like Polypheme,

You would be run down in this drunken dreame.

And in the turning of a hand be found

As sure as louse in bosome, on the ground.

Cord first his hands and feet, Then if you can,

Stand toot, and throw the ninth part of a man:

But your athleticke art's not worth the trying

Go go a man may see where you've been plying

Brave

Brave sport, a Porter, and his fox turnd loose  
T'encounter with a Taylor and his goose

Thus I perceive tis farall to us all  
After a lustie cup to take a fall.

*To a Brewer that promised mee a Staggs  
Tongue, and dissapointed me.*

**N**OW your Asapick markers Sir, what you  
Your selfe be Brewer, and make mee the fool,  
Faith Sir you should not need your word to break  
Ime sure your beere wont make a Cat to speak.  
Come come let's hat, without a tongue, I vow  
That I will never speak good word of you.  
Are you so politick to think by failing  
Mee, of my tongue, you do prevent my rayling  
Beleeve it not Sir, I can cante my wrong  
Like injurd Phylomel without a tongue.  
Tongues are unruly members but I see  
That you can rule yours, where it should be free.  
Thus to be fool'd, and baffed all a long,  
I would make one speak that had but half a tongue  
But I perceive the reason now my friend  
Your tongue is fast by the roots, ith Chimney  
end.

I must for peace sake, pocket up this wrong  
And keep my hands of, because you keep your  
tongue

The tongues a two edged sword, and by the cup  
Of my contempt, I scarce can put it up  
May the Staggs hornes be grafted on your head  
Till I have the Staggs tongue you promised.

*My*

My furie flames J feare J shall ere long  
 Like *Dives* need your cooler for my tongue  
 For it begins J see to teare, and rend  
 Just like a womans tongue that knows no end  
 Brewer be sure then that you stand aloof  
 Unlesse you bring your tongue under my roose  
 May be you'll say, that you have none, but J  
 Am sure y't one have told me a divillish Tye.  
 Thus am J faine to vindicate my wrong  
 In writing, because I have lost my tongue.

*I am pateris telis vulnera facta tuis.*

---

*To this Brewer sending mee halfe a dozen  
 tongues.*

**W**Ee judge it just that we distend our lungs  
 In gratitude to you that sent us tongues.  
 Wee were a little too long tongu'd but you  
 Have made the tongues fit for our mouths Sir,  
 now.

You seem to make us double tongud, for wee  
 Expected but the halfe of what wee see,  
 Our skill in Phisick sayes the Sraggs did die  
 Of feavers for the tongues were hot and drie,  
 But wee to wash down such conceits, did make  
 Them swim in best Beer for the Brewers sake.  
 The beasts that lost them should not be more brute  
 Then wee, if we should offer to be mute.  
 And where as wanting tougues we could allow  
 But paper praise, we cry a largesse now.  
 Thanks then thrice bounteous Sir, Twere sin if we  
 should betongue-tyde, where your tongues are so  
 free.

To my strange Rivall, servant to the Sister  
of my Mistresse engrossing both  
his owne and mine.

*The Sceene Jacka Newbery.*

**Y**are but a *Jack* by *Jack* a *Newbery*  
To overcharge your selfe, to injure mee  
Be not so greedy, you two, and I none?  
The time may come youll find enough of one  
Neither had been of our desires bereft  
Had you but had your right: and I the left,  
Take heed you play not *Aesops* dog whilst you  
Covet the substance, and the shadow too.  
Trust mee I must resent this injurie  
To ouerdoe your selfe to undoe mee  
Tis basenesse in the abstract greedy sinner,  
Having thy belly full to crave my dinner.  
But I perceiue my talk is to no end,  
For thou wilt burst thy self to starve thy friend.  
This folly I have oft in children known,  
Either two peeces, or they will have none.  
And here to the I may it well apply  
Tis better fill thy belly, then thy eye.  
Traitor and thief thou, st rob'd mee of my Jewell  
But for the selfe end it in a duell.  
And faith I must too, come the worst event  
That can tis but six moneths imprisonment.  
And what is that to mee since I must be  
Her Prisoner even in height of liberty,  
Say death ensue my challenge? shall I doubt  
To dye for her, I can not live without:  
Faile not this after noon then to meet mee  
Precise at fower, at *Jack* a *Newbery*  
Your weapons what you please; unlesse my fate  
Oppose, ile send you home by Cripple-gate.

To a Gentleman that promised, but  
failed, to meet mee at an  
Ale-drappers.

NOW halfe an hower past six, and more, & faile:  
Your friend, a second time? Come give us ale:  
Are you all dissiappointment, is your frame,  
And fabrick only such? Go fetch the same.  
VWhat! was I borne to wait? upon my soule  
You wrong my patience; woman, fetch a Rowle.  
Your actions are unhandsome, without baile  
Or mainprize, y'are condemn'd, go fetch more Ale:  
Shall we loose such a morning such fair weather?  
Go (faith) even fetch a brace of pots together.  
Look, if he come yet; we are sure of these?  
Not yet in sight? goe fetch the Holland Cheese,  
What? you don't see him yet; well, we must call  
For t<sup>o</sup> other dish of Ale, to wash downe all,  
March in my black-brow'd pots; untill ye stand  
Before mee, like an *Athiopian* band.  
Faith, I am now in, goe to, trye, if yee  
Eclipsed beauties, be good leachery.  
Come then, and give me lip roome, shall I not  
Kisse your black lipps? why? Ladyes kisse the pot.  
Yes I must kisse, and friends: for it appears  
My wrath hath made me pull ye by the Eares.  
Excuse me, pray, if I my selfe forgot,  
For all the world can tell, I love the pot.  
And therefore this doth my content beget,  
Though I had no luck, I had pot-luck yet.

*To an other Gentleman, that served  
me ſuch a trick.*

**N**Or yet, nor yet, and yet the Chymes done going?  
Some Beer, and Sugar boy ! come, let's be  
doing;

My expectations big, come fill away,  
Hope is an Anchor, Anchors make us ſtay.  
*Hamberough*-like, untill the Clock ſtrike few  
I mean to drink, *videlicet* till two;  
Nay I'm reſolved, if I be alive,  
Since I am in, I will not out till five:  
Then never grutch at what ſo e're you heare  
I am no waiter, but where there's good cheare.  
Sir, I am none of thoſe, that can digeſt  
Hopes falſe conception; Boy, fetch the beſt.  
Hope is my iſſue, wherein I'm beguild,  
You got it, pray, then answer for the child;  
If not, you muſt, nay (faith) you ſhall, be witting  
To pay the Nurſe; And that is juſt two ſhillings.

---

*To a Philomufe from whom I received  
a Paper upon the ſame Subject  
and by the ſame Poſt.*

**W**ell my good Coſ. what the ſame fiſh  
That I was frying? faith i'de wiſh  
To meet the oftner in my diſh  
The proverbs, good witts jump, we both deſign'd  
The plor, yet neither knew each others minde.

But didst not think it strange to see;  
My part borne in thy Symphonie?  
Tru stmee I marvelld much at thee,  
Nay under *Morpheus* you complaine your *Muse*,  
Mine under *Saturne*, Not a pinto choose.

Well fare thy pen ! recald to light  
This plot, that else had slept in night;  
(As dark as *Faux* his Lanthron) might  
(Should we neglect such mercy) us include  
In as high treason, deep ingratitude,

Ben godamercy for thy sonner,  
Let all *Papists* descant on it;  
Whilst all *Protestants* vaile the Bonnet:  
But for this time ile let thy praise alone,  
Least having writ too: I bespeak mine own.

*At the Florists Feast in Norwich*  
*Flora wearing a Crown.*

Gentlemen welcome *Flora* sayes so too,  
For shee had had no least now, but for you;  
Once in a yeare *Appollo* deigns a smile,  
And gravity it selfe admits a guile;  
Mechanicks have their meetings, and as oft,  
As the snake tooth to taile turnes, sing a losr.  
Bibbers Carowse it to the god of Wine,  
And everie bird will have his *valentine*.  
But I had sav'd my labour of the rest,  
Had I first said, each *Angel* hath his *Feast*.

How I have been neglected of late yeares,  
To you, whom I my judges make, appeares;  
I shall not stand to tell you, since the seeds  
Of discord, I am overgrowne with weeds;

And justly veritie the jokes of those  
 Who say, between two nettles lits a rose,  
 Am not I *Queene* of *Zephyr's* familie?  
 And my rich traine, the earths embroderie  
 Are not my daughters the *Olympian* eyes?  
 VVhose more then terrene luster, stellifies  
 The muddy face of *Ops*, courting your view  
 VVith colours, such as *Ixis* never knew.  
 VVitness the feilds, luxurious in my smile,  
 Presents the country every day a guile,  
 But tush! I come not here, to feast your eyes  
 VVith simples, such as rustick sopperies:  
 For what alas! are *bottles blew*, or *white*,  
 Or travellers joy, to cittizens delight?

Hence, rustickes, hence yee petty plumes of May,  
 Though we'lth and beauty of the spring, away;  
 This feast tars not with you, noe *these* are they  
 Shall crowne the tryumph of faire *Floras* day:  
 The *lilly* and the *rose*, shall not be scene  
 Amongst us, though of flowers the King, & *Queene*.  
 Nor th. humble *violet*, These, most lively, wee  
 Can in the garden of your vertues see.  
 Hence *goldy-locks*, though hand maid of the sun,  
 Here's no roome for a pot companion;  
 Save such whose pots puse up with richest earth,  
 Are the *lucina's* of a nobler birth,  
 The immortall *Amaranth*, shall not here be shownt  
 Nor *bee*, who fancy'd no face but his owne:  
 These are our toyes, our trifles, But now, wee  
 Come to uncabinet our treasure.

The lustie and the country gallant too,  
 As pledges of our loves present wee you.  
 The *spanish*, *French*, and *welch* infantes we  
 Commend for their unmatched varietie.



The *painted Lady*, (think it though no taine  
 Vnto her beauty, for tis natures paint)  
 The rare *Diana*, not shee whome we find  
 In the wild woods, noe, this is garden kinde;  
 On whom a man may looke, and, smiles importune,  
 Without the danger of a horned fortune.  
 Next this sweet dame, There's the *Begrovener*,  
 The lovely *Comans*, The peerlesse *Grampeere*,  
 Speckemakers white, Taunies cumbers cornation  
 Are flowers which nothing want but admyration.  
 The *murry, mullion*, and the *Baljudike*  
 Twere plenteous want of wisdome not to like;  
 The faire *Amelia*, the *Nymph Royall*, and  
 The *Turks cap*, the *adonis*, the *Le grand*,  
 The *Hugonant*, *Appelles*, and *French marble*,  
 Are such whose praise, a *phylomel* should warble.  
 The *Oxford* had attended on the crowne,  
 But that to tell you truth hee's out of towne.  
 Here's the gray *Hulo* though, and white *Cornation*,  
 Would challeng more then common commendation.  
 The *Vannocker*, the black *imperiall*  
 And *Crystall* too, the mirrour of them all.  
 Both *wiggon*, low, and *lottie*, *Angelot*  
 The *Stranger*, the *Catwiser*, and what not?  
 The *Duke of venice* preience here you see,  
 And *York* the flower of the nobilitie.

Thus gentlemen hath, *Flora* told her store,  
 If you can find a wish yet ask for more.  
 And yet (propitious soule) before you leave her,  
 Shee vows to bring you in the *Prince's* favour.  
 Had yee but met, when *tulops* were in towne  
 She then had given you every one a crowne.  
 But did I call the *Lillie king* of flowers?  
 Out of all doubt then these are *emperours*.  
 If those be *starrs* then these are *planets* sure,  
 If these but shine; those simples are obscure.

Heres colour upon colour, you may seek  
 A field to match the graces of one cheek:  
 But I shall add no more, save only thus,  
 That here Comparison is odious.  
*Ceres*, and *Bacchus*,, promis'd to be here,  
 And the best brewer sent us in our bere:  
 Since thenere neither wants Beer, Wine, nor  
                     guest,  
 Flaggons and flowers shall flow at *Floras* feast.  
 Let chearly Cups crown a carowling day;  
 Ambrose shall broach, ye the *Ambrosia*.  
 Your eyes see *Flora's* heaven and that your eares,  
 May feast too, hark *Apollo* moves the spheares.

*The Song.*

Stay ! O stay ! ye winged howers,  
 The windes that ransack East, and West,  
 Have breathd perfumes upon our flowers,  
 More fragrant then the *Phenix* nest:  
 Then stay ! O stay sweet howers ! that yee,  
 May witnesse that, which time nere see.  
 Stay a while, thou featherd Syth-man,  
 And attend the Queen of flowers,  
 Show thy self for once a blyth man,  
 Come dispencc with a few howers:  
     Else we our selves will stay a while,  
     And make our pastime, Time beguile.  
 This day is deign'd to *Floras* use,  
 If yee will revell too, to night  
 Wee! presse the Grape, to lend ye juyce,  
 Shall make a deluge of delight:  
     And when yee cant hold up your heads,  
 Our Garden shall afford ye beds.

An E P I T A P H.  
*Upon Oliver O dead drunk.*

**H**ere lyes a Lyon, and a Lamb,  
 Sweet, and savage, wilde and tame:  
 Courteous, carelesse, Poore, and proud,  
 Man, and no man: Litle, and lowd:  
 Childrens *May game*; fine, forlorne,  
*Courtiers* consort: *Commons* scorne:  
 Kind, and currish, would ye know  
 Who I meant tis *Oliver O*,  
 That companion base and boon,  
 Sets and Rises with the Sun:  
 Thus in brief his exercise  
 He pipes, dances, and he dyes,  
 And when passing we can tell;  
 For he rings out his own knell.

*Upon his second time being dead drunk.*

**L**oe here,  
 Dead as the bere,  
 Was drawn last yeare:  
 And Coffind up,  
 In a lost Cup,  
 Lyes, litle heart *O*,  
 Who like a fart *O*,  
 Did now depart *O*.

Twas ruffe,  
 And with a puffe  
 Out went the snuffe.  
 Alas! how soon  
 Tis after noon?  
 This morning hee *O*,  
 Was companie *O*,  
 For thee, or mee *O*.

And tooke  
 Ahe Spanish smoke,  
 Into his poke,  
 As if he meant  
 Sir, by consent  
 To tune his pipe O,  
 But being ripe, O,  
 Began to type O,  
 And shall to morrow morning make's approach  
 As quick, and lively, as the fresh abroach.

But P—O,  
 No more but so;  
 Tis *Oliver O*  
 Lets oversee  
 This scape for hee  
 The truth to tell O  
 Till he was mellow,  
 Was a good fellow;

---

*An Epitaph upon a Weaver.*

**H**ere lyes a Weaver, whom that Turk  
 And tyrant, death turn'd out of work.  
 Poore fellow he is gone, what though?  
 Hee's out of bonds would I were so.  
 Alas he sold *Chamelion* ware,  
 By which he sav'd scarce ought but aire.  
 Gone, quoth hee! pray how should he stay?  
 Such gaine will drive us all away.  
 Well, twas a sad and suddaine change,  
 And yet to me tis nothing strange.  
 For trading's dead, and wares will give  
 No price at all, how should he live?

---

An Epitaph.  
*Dedicate to the Memorie of*  
*Dr. Ed. Cook.*

**U**nsucc your Captive foulds; what, can ye keep  
 Your eyes from teares, and see the Marble weep?  
 Burst

Burst out for shame, or if yee find no vent  
 For greife, yet stay and see the stones relent;  
 If still you can forbear; weepe then to see:  
 Your stupid hearts more stone, then *Niobe*.

---

*On goodwife Plaine.*

**H**ere with out either welr, or gard,  
 Lyes goody *Plaine* in the Church yard:  
 Fresh in our memoryes, till the next raine,  
 Setle the earth againe, downe *plaine*.

---

*On W. G.*

*A great swearer but litle liar,*

**V**Vill, the swearer's dead and gon,  
 VWhether? you may guesse anon.  
 Say hee is in heaven I dare not  
 In that sacred place they sweare not.  
 VWhere then? not in hell, no doubt,  
 For heed sweare the devill our,  
 What must then become of him;  
 Does hee neither sinck nor swim;  
 Heavens forbid, we'll judge the best;  
 And conclude his souls' at rest.  
 Of his oathes, hee did repent him,  
 And his conscience do'unt torment him.  
 And hee shall (heavens mercy crav'd)  
 By Gods bloud, and wounds be sav'd.

---

*In memoriam Roberti Dey  
 Pharmacap. Norw.*

**A**rts Parramour is dead, that men may see,  
 Nature hath no' hold of eternitie.

O that my teares were legible that I,  
 And my sad muse might weep his elegie!  
 Norwich, in sorrows weeds attend his urne,  
 It not for his; yet for your owne sakes mourne.  
 Remember cittizens, yee us'd to fly  
 To sue out your reprives from death, to Dy:  
 Whose salutiferous *magazine* of artes,  
 Was your cheite *Sanctuary* against death's darts.  
 There, feeble nature in a trice might be,  
 Arm'd against all diseases *Cap ape*.  
 But hee is gone, and in a good old age,  
 Tooke his calme *Exit* of a turbulent stage:  
 His death as harmelesse as his birth, from whence  
 His years were crownd with double innocence;) good  
 VVhilst wee, (for so perhaps heavens have thought  
 Are left, to write our stories in our blood.  
 Time's syth hath wounded him, but hee hath got  
 Such *semper-vivum*, as hee feels it not.  
 VVith faith, hope, charitie, & contrivion  
 He made up his *Celestiall composition*.  
 And with an *unction* name hee mixt a Roll,  
 Of *Gratia dei* for his wounded soule:  
 Now his thread yeilded to the Sisters knife,  
 For *Aqua-vita* hee drinckes water of life.  
 Much might unto his prayes spoken be,  
 And only this one truth; namely that hee,  
 Even Dey, the true Apothecary was,  
 All that are left, are but synoyma's.

---

To the perpetuall memory of my ever  
 honoured Cozen Mr. E. H.

Vnder this sad marble lyes,  
 Natures pride; and beauties prize:

Such

Such, so sweet her accents were,  
 As would charme a *Syrens* care;  
 Such her modest mode as shee.  
 Taught the turtle charitie,  
 In summe a more veruious wife,  
 Never sweetend husbands life.  
 To conclude then, all was shee,  
 Man could wish, or woman be,  
 Who lyes here, like treasure found,  
 Not above but under ground.

*A Legacie to VRBANIA  
 an unworthy Cittie.*

Citty ingrate, nay worse, but Ile include,  
 All your good nature, in ingratitude.  
 Wellfare your costly swordes which now yee wou'd  
 As faine encrimson in my inocept bloud.  
 As ere yee wisht m<sup>r</sup> *Crucifige* accept you; ah! you  
*Hosanna* cry, and *hosenecha* too:  
 Is it in this; in this, I pray, I wrong yee  
 To spend my selfe, and my estate among yee?  
 If weary steps to make your Citty flourish,  
 If head, if heart, if Purse employ'd to nourish  
 Widows distrest, and orphans be a crime,  
 Grant heaven no worse offence take up my time,  
 Bark on black mouthed envie, yee as soone,  
 Affright mee, as the *Syrian* wolves, the moone:  
 Nor doe I envie thole, have sought with cost,  
 The honourable trouble, I have lost:  
 Lord fill my heart with thanks, my mouth with praise  
 My haire may yet see *halyon* dayes:  
 God guards mee still, though I've no swordes t  
                   r'davance,  
 Though no fine cap, God is my maintenance.

## In Honorem Poetarum.

W<sup>H</sup>ose poore conceit is that  
 That Poets should be poore?  
 They talk they know not what,  
 Alas! they wish no more,  
 They have Enough in that they see  
 Content is worth a monarchy.

Do not the sacred Nine,  
 Come daily to their houses,  
 And break their fast, and dine,  
 And sup, and soop carouses?  
 Who calls them poore then, that are able,  
 To feast the Muses at their table?

Yee go to Poets, when  
 Your dearest friends be dead,  
 They give them life agen  
 Though they be buried:  
 Tis strange then, Poets should not live:  
 That thus can life to dead men give.

Yea all the world must know,  
 Save those to truth averse,  
 The swaine was taught to plow,  
 By *Virgills* fertile verse.  
 Tis strange then, he should needy be,  
 Found out the art of Husbandry.

*Ripley* was rich I row,  
 Whose Poems did unfold  
 That which men hunt for so,  
 The art of making Gold:  
 He had the Philosophick stone,  
 Sure hee, must then be rich, or none.

Yee



Yea, do not all men say?  
 Poets dare any thing:  
 Pray was not noble *May*  
 Call'd brother by a *King*?  
 Nor is it more then true report,  
*Satyrick* lyes have hang'd a sort.

*Euridice* could tell  
 That being ravish't hence,  
 Bold *Orpheus* ransackt hell,  
 And rescu'd her from thence.

Yea verses so *Magnetick* are,  
 They fetch the Moon down from the sphear.

Nor have they only power,  
 But gifts of prophesie,  
 The most celestia'll dower,  
 Heavens give mortalitie.

Sure then they can't want costly Cares,  
 Being *Oracles* and *Potentates*.

They that have most, still itch  
 For more, more baggs to stufte,  
 VVhilst they are only rich,  
 Can see they have enuffe;

How poorly fools of Poets prate?  
 Come, they are poore, whom God doth hate.

*Princeps; & Vates non quovis nascitur anno.*

## Man.

W<sup>H</sup>at time *Jehovah* heaven, & earths *Creator*  
 Had fully finish't the world vast Theater  
 He brings up Man, and gives the world to see,  
 His curious art, in their Epitome:

VVhich

VVhich but in man, he in no creature would,  
 They but of Simple, hee of Compound mould:  
 They but of bodyes only doe consist,  
 In man a bodie, and a soule contrist;  
 His bodie his base part, earth represents,  
 His heaven-breath'd soule, earth's soule, the elements  
 The ingredients of the world are water Aire,  
 Earth, fire, such man's ingredients are.  
 Your leave, And thus the semblance I rehearse,  
 Betweene the great and little Universe.

His head's orbicular, like the circular skies,  
 Whose lamps meet rivalls, in his orient eyes;  
 And as tis heaven most like, tis heaven most neare,  
 Reason swayes her majestiest scepter there;  
 That divine guest that makes a man, thence all  
 The senses borrow their originall;  
 And as their sole and supreme court, repaire,  
 To manifest their virtues in that chaire.  
 Nor may I here forget that comely front,  
 That so surprises all that looke upon;  
 Those lovely lineaments, those goodly graces,  
 Attend the sweets of well proportiond faces;  
 What wonders nature in his tongue commences,  
 The instruments of delicious senses?  
 Which wee beyond expresse oft times, refresh,  
 With rapsodies from that small filme of flesh.  
 How right heres Pan and phæbus? whilst our cares  
 Are partiall twixt our voyces, and the spheares:  
 Some time t'is full, and makes his voice as loud,  
 As thundring roaring from the shattered cloud.  
 But let's goe downward with his heires and see  
 How it does with the piles of grasse agree;  
 The number well concures, in each wee see  
 The numerous foot steps of a deitie;  
 Both the effect of moisture; who so seekes  
 The Rose, or Lillie, they so blow in his cheeks;

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Nay what can you present, but hee commands,  
 The lively transhape, from his *Protean* handes?  
 His bloud is like the streams that to, and fro  
 Turning, and winding are, the center through:  
 Should I here swell my story, to present  
 The office of each *chord*, each *ligament*,  
 The *Nerves*, the *tendons*, and the *Arteries*,  
 My life would be too short to finish these,  
 Nay there's no member, but in it I see  
 A theme of wonder to eternitie.

And yet this body wee can't prayse enuffe,  
 Compare it with the soule it's sordid stuffe:  
 Ther's not such difference, 'twixt the sorrie case,  
 And Jewell; 'twixt the mask, and the faire face:  
 God made mans body after all the rest  
 Add after that inspir'd the soule the best:  
 The body from the earth the dust, ascends,  
 The incompounded soule from God descends:  
 T'is not the flesh, but in the soule, that wee  
 Assume the image of the deitie.  
 The bodie's subject to mortallitie,  
 The soul part of the living God can't dye.  
 Natures appointed time of change revolves,  
 And it into his elements desolves;  
 His native heat does to the fire repaire,  
 Water to water breath unto the aire.  
 The bones, and parts that are more solid must  
 Lye prisoners till they render dust to dust;  
 Meane time the soul, her native station keeps  
 In heaven, whilst nature in her causes sleeps.

*A Guesse at H E L L.*  
*Par nulla figura Gehenna.*

**A** Cursed *Topheth* ! how shall I define,  
 This dismall dungeon, this sad Cell of thine:  
 So dark, so duskie, so devoid of light,  
 How shall I see to draw thy picture right?  
 VVhat Colours shall I grinde? Colours (said I)  
 Thou art all black, black as *Proserpines* Eye.  
 Deep, & declive, beneath the dead Sea is  
 In a blinde hole, this thy all black Abyss.  
 Thy pitchie Pallace, where the chearly Sun  
 Nerecomes, as out of his commission:  
 Nor lends the Moon so much as one odd night,  
 To qualifie thy darknesse, with her light,  
 VVhich we but sleep by? No, nor all the yeare  
 Does one small starre on thy dark front appeare.  
 Thou blackest Moore; ask but thy *Danaan* traine?  
 Their tub rash tells thee thou art labour in vaine  
 Goe ask *Ixion* else, or him whose stone  
 Gathers no mosse, they all conclude in one.  
 Thou the true *Negro* art, and *Patentee*  
 Of utter shades, there is no night but thee:  
 The darknes the *Egyptians* felt, was but  
 A type of thine, and but too fairely cut:  
*Tytareous Tullian*, how thy tract is trod?  
 To *Baalzebub*, knight of the black rod;  
 Whose haggie haire, curls into snaky torts,  
 More terrible then poets poore reports:  
 His ghastly, yea his grislie looke, is such  
 My sense forsakee mee, if I thinke on't much:

His

His hornes, the pitch fork is, where with he turnes  
 Those broyling Sceletons, he ever burnes  
 In flames that never shall be quencht, but hark,  
 I talk of flames, and yet I call Hell dark!  
 Flames I confesse there are, but black, not bright,  
 Yea there is fire, and yet no firelight:

Fowle scind ! thy nose is like a *Comet*, or  
 The tayle, of some prodigious *Meteor*.  
 Well may it serve thee for thy red hor purr,  
 VVherewith thou dost thy stifling sulphur stirre:  
 Thy sooty Eybrowes, are as black as coales,  
 Smoakt with thine eyes, that flame like Oven holes  
 Meane while the Corners where fresh Brimstone  
 lies,

Pretend a yellow Jandyse in thine eyes.  
 But 'tis the black, the black (fiend) is thy grieve,  
 But thy disease admits of no reliefe.  
 Thy mouth like raging *Aetna* vomits fire,  
 The furious flakes of thy unslak't desire,  
 As much attractive, and as mercilesse, as  
 The 7 times hotter headed furnace was.  
 Thine armes are fire fetters, that embrace  
 Those monuments of miserie whose sad case  
 Thou dost not pittie, though though seem' R a  
 while,

To weep upon them, like the *Crocodile*.  
 Have you not heard of smoaking Sodom? such  
 His breath's, But *Sodom* smook's not half so much.  
 His veynes are streants of sulphur: His loud lungs  
 His bellows; And his hideous hands his tongues;  
 His black, and melancholly blood contains  
 VVorse venome, then ere lurkt in *Centaurs* veines,  
 And by his cloven foot, 'tis plainly shewne,  
 His Kingdom run's upon Division.

These are his titles. The *Unfathom'd Gulfe*,  
 The *Roaring Lion*. And the *Raging wolfe*.  
 The *wild Beast* of the Forreſt, The *Annoyer*  
 Of Chriſtian liberty, The *Destroyer*.  
 The *Mortall Enemy* of all in kinde,  
 By theſe and ſuch like rearmes is he deſind;  
 Father of *Falſhood*, *Fecces* of the Cup  
 Of Condemnation who can ſumme thee up?  
 Or ſet thee forth, No hand can ere effect it,  
 Unleſſe that hand, that captiv'd thee, direct it.  
 Envy her *Enſign* on thy front diſplaies,  
 And like the *Baſiliſk* at diſtance ſlayes;  
 Thy Noſe ſteep as the *Alpes* parts two deep Cells;  
 On this ſide, *Hatred*: That ſide *Malice* dwells.  
 And cauſe ſuch beauty ſome preſervatives aſkes,  
*Shame* and *Confuſion* are thy conſtant masks.  
 But leaſt my *Charkole* faile to finiſh thee,  
 Thou art the form, of all deformity.

As for thy vaſſalls, thus begin their evils:  
 Their entrance ſtrait transforms them into Devils  
 Their entertainment will be ſuch, as they  
 Shall ſlee to death, But death will flye away:  
 Hard are their haps, ſo vainly ſhall implore  
 A deadly *requiem*, at death's deafned dore.  
 The torturous worme, that gnawes their conſciences  
 Doe's like *Prometheus* vultur never ceaſe  
 Curſes are all their hymmes: Their parched  
 throats,

Cant *Lachrymæ* in lamentable notes.  
 Their Ditties, blaſphemies, ſcreichin their ſtraines  
 Howling their tune, whoſe burthen greife ſuſtaines  
 VVith ſighs, and ſobs, gnashing their teeth, they  
 run

Their dolefull deſcant, and diſviſion:  
 VVell knew, our Saviour, *Judas* ſad eſtate  
 VVhen he pronounc'd his birth infortunate:

Alas!

Alas! these sufferings are insufferable,  
 Yet must be borne, although they be not able.  
 Sad is the strength, that is but lent us to  
 Sustaine the *Atlas* of a greater woe.  
 Of fables fond, and foolish, *Poets* tell,  
 That *Hercules* went, and return'd from *Hell*.  
 VVell might he goe, but if he ere return'd  
 To tell his re arrivall: Ile be burn'd.  
 Hee that comes to this place, he must discusse  
 His *Exit*, with a stouter *Cerberus*.  
*Alcides* might, and *Orpheus* nirth, must faile,  
 They can not 'gainst the gates of *Hell* prevaile.  
 No hope of breaking out the Dungeons deep,  
 And the vast wall envyrons it, is steep.  
 Yet grant it scalable, there's a dreadfull More,  
 Nine times surrounds it that will bear no boat:  
 Son, such a Gulph 'twixt thee, and mee, doth flow  
 Thou canst not hither, nor we thither goe.  
 Despaire, and dye, hope no revocative day,  
 Since thou art banisht into *Scythia*.  
 Yee that drink the worlds *Leibe*, forget *God*,  
 See here his *Scorpions*, and his flaming rod.  
 Yee jested with edg'd tooles since *Mercyes* hee le  
 VVas lead: But *Iustice* hath a hand of steel.  
 Depart saies *Christ*, depart wretch from my sight,  
 Into the bosome of confused *Night*.  
 Hurry him hence: Head long him down beneath,  
 To the black vally of eternall death.  
 Think not wretch I can mand thy Curtaines close,  
 To apt thine eyes to a more sweet repose:  
 No! *Hells* hard servic'd Centinells, must keep  
 Continuall watch, and never, never sleep.  
 Nor be releiv'd: No *Circean* lullabies,  
 Shall be of power to charm their damned eyes:  
 Think now, profanest liver, Do but think,  
 How thou of this so bitter Cup, wilt drink:

Call in thy thought and but consider well  
 And tell me now, but what thou thinkst of Hell!  
 Didst thou lye waking on a bed more soft  
 Then downe, pluckt from the Ravens plume, how  
 oft

VWouldst thou with morning? lingring for the  
 light

Though bed-rid, but a poor Cymmerian night:  
 Think then how thou wilt toss thy restless head,  
 VWhere everlasting burning is thy bed.

Think then I say of their accurst condition,

VVhose misery shal have no intermission:

This is that bitter draught, whose dire dregs be

The limits of these woes, Eternity.

Here I break off, should I proceed to tell

VWhat thou hast lost that were another Hell.

————— *En ultima tanti*

*Meta furoris adist.*

### *A glimring glimpse of Heaven.*

**H**Heaven! Lord what's that? Is it that heap of  
 treasure

The worldling hugs so? Or that sweet of pleasure

So idolizd? Is it that glorious puffe

Of Honour, where with men nere swell enuffe:

Or is it beauty, whose Celestiall fire,

Blowes up that *Aina* of the worlds desire?

Lyes it else in Revenge that sweet, sweet ease,

Of injuries; Noe, noe, tis none of these.

For wealth, alas! hath wings, and all the rest

Are vanity of vanity at best.

VWhat is it then? earths VVide-streacht Canopie

The glittering surface of the ambient skie?

Is it the Sun? that glorious globe of light

Or his bright consort, *Empress* of the night.

Noe,



Noe, none of these, we must ascend a speare  
 Two stories higher, then our eyes, and there  
 O there this Heaven of heaven is, But first I  
 Er'e I can tell you, what it is, must dye.  
 In vaine for Heaven I darkling grasp about,  
 I can not see't, untill these eyes be out.  
 Eyes have not seen, nor hath mans mortall eare  
 Heard of the joyes, the joyes of joyes are there.  
 Nor hath it enter'd into th' heart of man,  
 Tis too angust, ah ! tis too small a span  
 To entertain't, we must perforce decline it,  
 Heaven were not Heaven, Could flesh, and bloud  
 define it.

Grant, O my God, that I not being able  
 To wade thus deep, make not Heaven seem a fable.

But loe! the sacred spirit here, descends  
 Unto our understanding, and commends  
 This inexpressive paradise, and even  
 As it were by reflection shoves us Heaven.  
 Which he a sumptuous City calls, Built on  
 And by Christ Jesus the true corner stone,  
 Not made with hands, the City is foure square,  
*East, West, North, South* Gates *Æquidistant* are.  
 Length, height, breadth, depth, do all conspire to be  
 The uniforme of perfect Symetrie.  
 Twelve gates there are of most magnificent state,  
 Made of twelve Pearles, Of every Pearle a Gate;  
 And as twelve gates of twelve rich Pearles; so hore  
 Twelve rich foundations, of twelve gemms appear:  
 The *Sardus*, *Saphir*, and the *Sardonix*,  
 The *Topas*, *Jasper*, and *Jacynth* are six.  
 The *Berill*, *Emerald*, and *Chalcedonite*,  
*Chrysoprasus*, *Amethis*, and *Chrysolite*;  
 Make up the four times three, whose sparkling light  
 Banish all possibility of might.  
 The stately streets, all along as ye passe,  
 Are pav'd with Gold, transparent as pure glasse,  
 Through

Through which, the silver streames of life convey  
 Their Christal Currents, whilst in rich array,  
 On either side this glittering *Tagus* stand  
 The trees of life, whose boughs bow to the hand,  
 There's neither *Sun*, nor *Moon* in that bright  
 spheare,

Hee that lent them their light himselſe shines  
 there.

There's none that watch, nor none that guard  
 relieves,

What need there? since theres neither night, nor  
 thieves.

Theres nothing grieues, no being all amott,  
*Darkness* and *Death*, are strangers in that Court.

*Envy*, *Backbiting*, *Malice*, and *Disgrace*,  
*Sorrow* and *Sickness*, dwell not in that place,  
 Without are dogs, nothing that is uncleane  
 Hath any part, in that *Celestiall Scene*.

But *Meekness*, *Faith*, and *joy*, and *Cordiall love*,  
 Such are the starres, in that bright orb that move.  
 There they for ever feast their Eyes on thee,  
 On whom one glance, eternall life would be.

How shall I hope sufficiently t'admire  
 Those living powers, in thy *Celestiall quire*?  
 Those thousand thousands that attend upon  
 The radiant throne, of thy all glorious Sonne?

*Angells*, *Archangells*, *Cberubins*, and *Thrones*,  
*Amazing Seraphins*, and *Dominions*?  
 Which in thy highest presence allwayes sit,  
 Enjoying happ'nesse next to infinite.

Any of which descending from his story;  
 Would ex stacy, and kill us with his glory.

Here close your lids my daring eyes, least yee,  
 Where angells hide their faces, be too free:  
 Lord how I reach, and roame t'uncertaine heaven;  
 Whilst I am even of mine own self bereaven?

O take

O take these fetters ! take these clogs from mee;  
 Take these scales from mine eyes , that I may see  
 Thy tabernacle, Thy Hierusalem;  
 VVell thou heavens Monarch, hast prepared for  
 them

That love, and feare thee: Ah me ! when shall I  
 Come and appeare before thy Majesty?  
 VVhere ere thou beest, let me but see thy face;  
 I'll ask no other heaven, no other place:  
 If thou discend into th' abyss below,  
 My soule shall wish no other heaven to know:  
 VVhere thou art, heaven is : 'tis not the resort  
 Of Courtiers : But the King, that makes the  
 Court.

Thus have I taken paines, to shew ye that,  
 VVhich is, I must confesse, I know not what

### *M core Fie*

**T**HIS afternoon I met the tribe of *Gad*,  
 Running through *Bedlam* as they had been mad  
 Shuffling and shouldring at so strange a rate,  
 As if they strove to enter the strait gate.  
 VVith that seeing the conflux of the traine  
 I could not choose but mak't *Turne againe Lane*,  
 And down the stream making my armes, my Oares  
 I row'd to *Moore fields*, where I found more whores  
 Gentle, and simple, then a man could meet,  
 Either in *Turn ball*, or in *Turn up Street*.  
 Satting and Silk , and *Peticoats-brocado*  
 Marcht like an *Amazonian armado*,  
 Furious as your *French troops*, scarce ere a wench  
 But by her out side , shew her inside *French*.

Some

Some zealous Gitt'zens shew their wives,  
that even

By being Cuckolds, they might go heaven.  
It made me laugh to see their sweeping trailes  
In spite of Barbars pusses, powder their tailes.  
O how the leacherous dust did vaught! and rise  
Twixt the crosse Chevernes of their foaming  
thighs.

So light were they, so given to the *Twp*  
VWhat men would not, the very winds took up.  
VVith that said I, now too too well perceiue I,  
Yare not the tribe of *Gad* alone, But *Leui*.

Meane while the trees in such even order grow,  
They seem'd a second *Pater noster* row.

They railed in-grasse-plot as a spacious shop  
Of Summer weeds for Virgins was set ope.

And many gallants came from out the towne  
Thither, to give their Ladies a green-Gowne.  
Here is great wrastring, Boyes, and men, and all  
And here and there a woman takes a fall;

Venter on which you please, if men you like,  
Know then they sayle close by the Wind mil strike.

If you from men, to women be departers,  
You shall not faile to meet them in the quarters.

And therefore if your purpose that way stand  
Goe see for them, when you can't see your hand

And to your work (my friend) tis Country play  
Not by the belt but felt, catch that catch may.

Be not discourag'd for the duskie night

Bee't nere so dark, Ile warrant you a light.

More of *Moore-fields* if you desire to know,  
Faith I have ta'ne my turne: And so must  
you.

Upon

*Upon the Sicknes, and recovery of  
a faire and fairely promised  
L A D Y.*

**B**Ut hadst thou Death such hopes alive,  
Thy sute could ever thrive,  
In flatt'ring her  
T' her Sepulher,  
From her approaching bridall bed,  
Alas! thy hopes are dead.  
Dead as thy selfe  
Unwelcome else,  
But would you faine forestall, forsooth  
The sweets of bloomy youth?  
Your sute is cold  
And you too bold.  
Suffice it long time hencee that thou  
Bath in her aged snow,  
Couldst thou her send  
To thy dark bed?  
Her orient Eye would-shoot a ray  
Should make thy midnight day;  
As though the Sun  
Did thither run,  
And all his rutilous Jewells set  
In that close Cabinet.  
Then should mournin  
See joyes morning;  
Then palest ashes should revive  
And Death be made alive.  
VVhilst we, blind wee,  
It wee would see.

Must all our light Cymmerian like.

From flintie bosomes strike;

But thanks to Heaven,

Death is bereaven:

Th' Eclipse is past, and beauties light

Ha's banisht dead of night.

See, see the love.

Of heaven above.

For we have here Gods blessings got

And the warme Sun to boot.

O let us now

Low as earth bow;

And gratefull sacrifices give,

To him that here said, let her live.

*To a Gentleman desiring mee to write a  
Paper of Verses upon his sitting  
whilst the Painter was  
drawing his Picture.*

**A**Nd Poet too? must you your figure see  
In silent, and in speaking poeie?  
I could admit this double task, in case  
You had like *Janus* too a double face.  
Say, is it your desire? whilst he does take  
Your superficial lineaments, I should make  
Your vertues image? Is it this you mean?  
I must like *Momus* have a Casement then.  
Or feare you men will say you are a creature,  
*Narcissus* like in love with your own feature?  
And therefore have the *Painter* to produce,  
A colour: And the Poet an excuse:

Come

Come be advi'd by mee, go to your wife,  
 Ile warrant you your Picture to the life.  
 Here you compose your countenance, And set,  
 Whilst't may be shee's drawing your counterfeir.  
 Come the true way of lively like commanding  
 Is never done by sitting, Butby standing.

*Perf. — — Pictoribus atque Poetis  
 Quidlibet audiendi semper fuit aqua potestas.*

---

*To an impudent Scold that perpetually haunts  
 her Husband, and not only abuseth  
 him but What soever Com-  
 pany is with him.*

**W**oman (but may I call thee so, and not  
 Forfeit that little judgment I have got?  
 Is't not enough y'are ugly, but beside  
 Your ill shape you must be ill quality'd?  
 I had suppos'd that such a one as you  
 Whose face a winning feature never knew  
 A woman (if that appellation may  
 Be yet allow'd) made of the coarsest clay:  
 And of a fabrick so imperfect as't  
 Is well concluded nature was in haste.  
 I had suppos'd I say, that such a brute,  
 Had cause more then enough to have been mute  
 At least shee should if shee had silence broke.  
 With Balams Ass but once, and wisely spoke.  
 But you unlock the thunder of your voice,  
 And twenty Iron Mills make not more noyse:  
 VVhen you begin the clamour of your prate  
 You make the rabulous rout at Billings-gate.

Mute as their Fish: VVere you my wife forsooth,  
 I should lock up the Barn-doores of your mouth.  
 Or ferret-like, low't up. My wife said I?  
 Some Planet first dispatch me from the skie.  
 Ide ran sack beds of clay, and light upon  
 The Devill in a new fall ne skeleton.  
 Or what in man, or Hells invention worse is  
 Them think of the, Of thee thou curse of Curses,  
 O wretch thy Husband, O infortunate.  
 I drowne mine Eyes in sorrow for his fate.

I finde in story an enchanted Lasse  
 All day a Hagge: All night an angell was  
 His luck poor man is worse, for meeting you  
 Hee's haunted with a Hagge day and night too.  
 For when abroad in this sad plight he goes  
 Seeking some corner to unbreast his woes;  
 You follow him hot foot, and range about  
 Beating all bushes till you finde him out.  
 And when hee once but in your sight appears,  
 You spend, And with full cry confound his eares,  
 And ours too, who admire what you intend him  
 VVhether to bait him, or to apprehend him,  
 Thus like *Atton* with affrights hedg'd round  
 Hee flies the furie of his owne feirce hound,

We know your language you Tartarian whore  
 That use to play bo-peep at Tavern dore.  
 Peaking for pimping rascalls, and when ere  
 Yon feare discove ry, what's my Husband here:  
 Thus you obstreperous strumper, Thus you must  
 Make your poore Husband cloak for your base lust.  
 Come, come, the proverb yet did never faile.  
 They that are quick of tongue, are quick of taile.  
 And I too plainly see, (though I am loth  
 To be too publick) you are quick of both.  
 Ile blast you with contempt if ere you come  
 To ask for Husband henceforth in my roome.

And



And teare your tongue from rooffe and roots if ere  
 I heare againe, What is my Husband here.  
 And to the Company speak a word unmeet  
 Wee'l kick you through the Gantlet of our feet.

---


G 3

The



T H E  
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Of all the severall POEMS con-  
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